

THE ARCUENOT



APRIL, 1928



Compliments of

THE NORWOOD WOMEN'S SHOP

631 Washington Street, Norwood, Mass.

Tel. 0236-W

NORTHEASTERN



UNIVERSITY

The School of ENGINEERING

In co-operation with engineering firms, offers four year curriculums leading to the Bachelor's degree in the following branches of engineering:

CIVIL ENGINEERING
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

The School of BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Co-operating with business firms, offers *four year collegiate courses leading to the Bachelor's degree of

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION
in
BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
or in
ACCOUNTING AND FINANCE

The Co-operative Plan of training enables the student to combine theory with practice and makes it possible for him to earn his tuition and a part of his other school expenses.

Students admitted in either September or January may complete the Scholastic year before the following September.

For catalog or further information write to:

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions

Boston, Massachusetts

*Five-year program on co-operative plan on and after September 5, 1929

Compliments of

BALFOUR'S BAKERY

GAY FARM MILK AND CREAM

Pure, Fresh Milk delivered direct from our own Federal
tested cows to you daily

Compliments of

NICK ABDALLAH

South End Hardware - - - - Norwood



Compliments of

Landry's Barber and Beauty Shop

714 Washington Street

Tel. Norwood 0218-M

Norwood, Mass.

The J. E. PLIMPTON COAL COMPANY

Norwood, Massachusetts

Always Something New

DRESSES

COATS

FURS

MILLINERY

Always Feel Free to Come In and Look Around

LAWRENCE & CO.

655 Washington St.

Norwood, Mass.

THOMAS J. SWITZER

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

PURE DRUGS AND CHEMICALS

Special attention paid to the compounding of Physicians' Prescriptions

750 Washington Street

Norwood, Mass.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Atwater Kent - Mohawk - Stromberg Carlson

ALL THAT IS BEST IN RADIO

NORWOOD RADIO COMPANY

R. A. NORTON, N. H. S., '19

Tel. 0807-M

662 Washington Street

Books Bound in Holliston are "Bound to Wear"

The Holliston Mills, Inc.

NORWOOD, MASSACHUSETTS



MOORE'S FOUNTAIN PENS AND PENCILS

Absolutely Guaranteed

LIFETIME POINTS

\$1.50 to \$7.00

CLARK'S PHARMACY, Inc.

CONGER BLOCK

NORWOOD, MASS.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

PENDERGAST BAKERY

134 Walpole Street

NORwood 0599

BAKERS OF EVERYTHING THAT IS GOOD

Plimpton Press

Perfect Bookmaking in its Entirety

QUALITY

SWEATERS, ALL STYLES

SERVICE

Crew Neck Coats Coats with Collars

AT ATTRACTIVE PRICES

\$6 \$7.50 \$8.50 \$10.00

NORWOOD CLOTHING COMPANY

Sanborn Block

∴

∴

GENE SULLIVAN, Prop.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Compliments of the

HAT SHOP

705 Washington Street

**Norwood Hardware and
Supply Co.**

HARDWARE, PAINTS AND OILS

Plumbing Supplies

10 Guild St., Norwood, Mass.

Tel. 1436

Compliments of

Fred L. Silvernail

Fruit Store

629 Washington Street

Compliments of

T. FARIOLI

68 Walnut Ave.

Compliments of

"The Normere"

**Fresh Fruit is your best
Food**

**So Don't Forget To Let Us
Serve You**

U. BALBONI

FRUIT STORE

60 Washington Street

*We put up baskets of fruit for all
occasions*

Carl A. Anderson

**Ladies' and Gentlemen's
Tailor**

714 Washington St. Norwood

Telephone 0032-R

Compliments of

HOLMAN—CATERER

C. L. Smith & Co.

COMMERCIAL and AMATEUR
PHOTOGRAPHY

10 Vernon St. Norwood

S. C. PHILLIPS

DRY GOODS

Bigelow Block Norwood, Mass.

Miss Hettie Gray

DRESSMAKING

601 Washington Street
Norwood, Mass.
Tel. 1205-W

Dents Removed from Auto Bodies
and Fenders

"WE SAVE THE PAINT"

Walter H. Brown

SHEET METAL WORK
OF ALL KINDS

8 Vernon Street
Tel. Nor. 0720 Norwood

BECKWITH QUALITY SHOPPE

FOLAN BLOCK NORWOOD

Women's and Children's
Furnishings

DAVID F. BECKWITH

Compliments of

DR. J. M. HIRSCH

Dentist

*1096 Washington Street
South Norwood*

Phone Norwood 591-W

C. I. DAVIS

MASON

229 Winter St. Norwood

McLeod & Dean

Choice Teas, Coffees
and Spices

HAWKINS BLOCK

848 Washington St. Norwood

Kleps Auto Electric Service

SPECIALIST ON

Starters, Generators, Magnetos and Batteries

Electrical
Delco—Klaxon—Remy

Bearings
Timken—Hyatt—New Departure

12 Guild Street

Tel. Nor. 0554

Norwood, Mass.

Compliments of

F. A. MORRILL INSURANCE

BIGELOW BLOCK

NORWOOD, MASS.

*Eat where they have Good
Food and Music*

MEADER'S LUNCH

654 Washington Street

Norwood

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Coal

BURN ANTHRACITE

Coal

The Safest and Most Economical Fuel

HAROLD L. ALDEN, Norwood Manager, Lenox St.
GENERAL OFFICES: 14 Belgrade Ave., Boston, 31
DOWNTOWN OFFICE: 50 Congress St., Boston 9

Tel. NORwood 0764
Tel. PARKway 4700
Tel. HUBbard 3100

John A. WHITTEMORE'S Sons
and Affiliated Company, BURTON-FURBER COAL CO.

THE MODERN DAIRY

THOMAS A. DONOVAN

PASTEURIZED MILK AND CREAM

Telephone 0084 "SAFEST TO USE" 350 Lenox Street

NORWOOD SOFT WATER LAUNDRY

Certainly Does Save the Clothes

Ask Us About It

884 Washington Street

Phone 099

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

STETSON HATS

INTERWOVEN HOSE REIS UNDERWEAR

ARROW and E. & W. SHIRTS

FLAHERTY'S MEN'S SHOP

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

BIRD & SON, inc.

Established 1795
EAST WALPOLE, MASS.

Makers of
BIRD'S ROOFS
A roof for any type of building
NEPONSET WATERPROOF BUILDING PAPERS
WALL BOARD

BIRD'S RUGS
FLOOR COVERING
RUG BORDER

NEPONSET FIBRE SHIPPING CASES
SHOE CARTONS
FLOWER POTS

PAPER SPECIALTIES

Bird's Roofs are sold by local lumber and building supply dealers. Bird's Rugs and Neponset Floor Covering by department and house furnishing stores.

BIRD & SON, inc.

Telephone Norwood 0760

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL STAFF	1
EDITORIAL—THE EDITOR	2
LITERARY DEPARTMENT	2
"A PIECE OF STRING"—Edward Donahue, '28	3
"REQUIEM"—Lillian Beaulieu, '29	4
"THIS ACTING BUSINESS"—Kenneth Reardon, '28	4
"HERE AND THERE"—Margaret Kenefick, '28	6
"A FIGHT IN THE PLAZA DE TOROS"—Aldona Babel, '28	6
"BEING A DOCUMENT FOUND IN A TREE-TOP, ATTACHED TO A PECULIAR, DEFLATED TOY BALLOON"—Lillian Beaulieu, '29	7
"A CAT'S REPAST"—Ingrid Mattson, '28	9
"HEINZ"—Isabel Reimer, '29	9
"AN OLD MAN"—Astrid Anderson, '28	10
"JEST"—Madeline Andrews, '28	10
"THE COMING OF LIGHT"—Alice E. Wolfe, '28	11
"MONTAUCON GIBBET"—Kenneth Reardon, '28	12
"WHEN HOPE IS DEAD"—Nils Svibergson, '28	13
"ON LETTING ONE'S HAIR GROW"—Mona Morris, '29	15
"EVOLUTION"—Robert Rafuse, '30	16
"THE STORM"—Doris Dexter, '29	17
"SAX APPEAL"—Louis Balboni, '29	18
"CONSOLATION"—Margaret Kenefick, '29	18
"SPRING"—Helen Waldheim, '29	19
"THE LUCKY DOG"—Ingrid Mattson, '28	19
"A VISIT TO BOYSE'S APARTMENT"—Henry McLaren, '28	21
"MARDI GRAS"—Robert Metters, '30	21
"THE RACE"—Victor Babel, '28	23
"THE FIGUREHEAD"—Jane Hartwell, '30	23
"CHICKIE LANDON"—Victor Babel, '28	23
"IF"—Katherine Griffin, '28	25
"FAMILY TRANSPORTATION IN 1979"—Thomas Hayden, '29	25
SOCIAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT	27
"PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES"—Alice Donahue, '28	27
"HOOVER AS A CANDIDATE"—Aldona Babel, '28	27
"AMERICAN IMPERIALISM"—Edward Donahue, '28	28
"AL SMITH FOR PRESIDENT"—Kenneth Reardon, '28	29
FOREIGN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT	30
"UNE CONVERSATION"—Sigrid Nyborn, '28	30
"UNE LETTRE"—Marion Nash, '30	30
"CHATEAU EN ESPAGNE"—Robert Metters, '30	31
"UNE DESCRIPTIONNE D'UNE MAISON"—Doris Van Gorder, '30	31
"LA NUIT DANS UNE GRANDE VILLE ET LA NUIT A LA CAMPAGNE"—Marion Cushing, '28	31
"LE CIEL"—Aldona Babel, '28	32
"UNE DESCRIPTION DE LA SALLE DE CLASSE"—Dorothy Sanborn, '30	32
"LE CERCLE FRANCAIS"—Isabelle Yarmalovich	32
"UN PETIT ARGUMENT"—Carleton Dyer, '30	33
"UNE ESQUISSE DE LA PLUME"—Madeline Andrews, '28	33
"MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA"—Flora Verderber, '28	33
"LEANDRO FERNANDEZ DE MORATIN"—Mary Foley, '28	34
"VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ"—Harry Carlson, '28	34
"UNE DESCRIPTION DI MI SALA DE CLASE"—Jack McNecley, '29	35

CONTENTS

	PAGE
"LUDI OLYMPIACI"—Charles Babel, '28	35
"AEDIFICIA ROMANA"—Elizabeth Blair, '28	36
"HESTERNO DIE ET BODIE"—Bertha Cushing, '29	36
QUEST CLUB	
FOREWORD	37
"FENWAY COURT"—Lillian Beaulieu, '29	37
NEWS ITEMS	37
FINANCIAL REPORT QUEST CLUB PARTY	39
ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT	40
SCHOOL NEWS	41
SCHOOL ACTIVITIES	43
SENIOR NOTES	44
JUNIOR NOTES	44
SOPHOMORE NOTES	47
ALUMNI NOTES	48
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT	49
	51

The Arguenot

VOL. 8

APRIL, 1928

NO. 3

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—KENNETH REARDON

Assistant Editor—ALICE WOLFE

Business Manager—ABBIE TOBIN

Class Editors

SYLVIA PAAJANEN, '28
MARGARET GOLDING, '28
GEORGE PALLO, '28
CARLTON DYER, '30

DORIS DEXTER, '29
LILLIAN BEAULIEU, '29
ANNA BALTADONIS, '29
BETTINA EVERETT, '30

DOROTHY SANBORN, '30

Assistant Business Managers

BEATRICE SILVERNAIL, '28
JOHN PATINSKY, '28
MARTIN BEREZIN, '30

ELEANOR DONAHUE, '28
PHILIP KRAVITZ, '29
CATHERINE BREEN, '30

Art Editor

ANTOINETTE GOTOVICH, '28

Athletic Editor

JULIA LEWIS, '28

School Activities

ELIZABETH BLAIR, '29

Exchange Editor

MARGARET KENEFICK, '29

Alumni Editor

BARBARA ROBERTS

Faculty Adviser

BESSIE D. JAMES



The Cinema Versus the Stage

THE moving picture is, without doubt, one of the most powerful agents for good and evil that the world has ever known. Its influence is felt from the mightiest six-thousand seat motion picture palace on Broadway to the smallest ten-cent exhibiting hovel in East Shawnee, Oregon. The great cinema mills on the West Coast are constantly grinding out thousands of feet of film to feed to the people of this country. Occasionally a halt is called to produce something worth while for the more intellectual, and these good pictures are expected to carry along the rubbish which floats in their back-wash.

Since the advent of such a mighty force as this, the legitimate theatre has suffered. People swallow the perfumed trash which is fed to them with great avidity, not even willing to see what the stage has to offer. Children who have grown up with the moving picture have

become so used to its influence that they do not think of going to a play. The outlook to some people for the legitimate drama is disheartening. One man says that with the perfection of the talking movie, stage plays will be no more in five years' time. If such a statement as this be true, certainly the motion picture will sweep all before it, and will triumph in the end. But I do not believe that such a state of affairs will ever be reached. As soon as a movie begins to talk, it is silent drama no longer, it is pantomime no longer, it is a composite that will be entirely new. A long as there are people who, for the most part, dislike the motion picture, and love the creations of the speaking stage, then just so long will legitimate drama exist. There is bound to be a reaction from the motion picture, and when it occurs the legitimate theatre will make up, in part at least, what it has lost during these years of the movie craze.

THE EDITOR.

A Piece of String

THE little silver bell on the outer door of Larrabee and Son's Fifth Avenue Gift Shoppe jingled a warning that a customer was approaching. Larra-

bee entered from the back room to wait on the customer. A few hurried words were passed between them, after which Larrabee reached above his head and

took down an incense burner of Chinese design. The article was paid for and the man left the shop.

Larrabee's customer started to cross the street. He had no sooner stepped off the curb, than he was run down by a taxi that had swooped out of the traffic line to pick up a "fare." The man who had hailed the taxi picked up the man who was hit and hurried him to the relief hospital. When they arrived at the hospital, Larrabee's customer was unconscious. When the doctors saw him they shook their heads and said that the man had a fractured skull.

The man who had hailed the taxi, left his card with the doctors, who were to keep him advised as to the patient's condition.

Johnny Walker, of the Department of the Treasury, was the man who had halted the cab. When he got home his sister told him that a call had come from the hospital that the man in whom he was interested, had died. Later that evening the telephone rang, and when Johnny answered it, he heard the voice of the chief of his department. He was told to go to the morgue and view the body of a man who had been killed that afternoon and then to go to police headquarters to examine a package of opium which had been found in the deceased man's possession.

Johnny went to the morgue first. He was greatly surprised when the attendant showed him who the man was that he was to identify. It was the man who had been knocked down that afternoon. Johnny then went to headquarters where he examined the paper in which the incense burner containing the dope was wrapped. There was no distinguishing mark on any part of the package. Suddenly Johnny's eyes fell on the string which had been used to wrap the bundle.

Never had he seen such string. It was jade colored inside and mottled with red, which made it look as if the string were bleeding. Johnny put the string in his pocket and left the station.

After days of searching Chinatown's shops, Walker was no nearer to the discovery of the source of the opium. One night he came home and was met at the door of the dining room by his sister. He was made to close his eyes while she led him to his seat. When he opened his eyes he saw a huge cake with the inscription "Happy Birthday," written on it. His gaze then fell on the package that was on his plate. There, holding the package together as if to mock him, was the same kind of string that had held the dead man's package together. Johnny looked at his sister and after many hurried questions found out that she had bought his gift at Larrabee's.

Johnny ran to the telephone and told the chief to meet him at Larrabee's Gift Shoppe with three or four men. When Johnny arrived at Larrabee's the chief was waiting for him. Johnny outlined a plan to him. He then went inside and accosted Larrabee with a gun. After a few weak denials, Larrabee surrendered and showed them the place where the opium was hidden. He was quickly taken to jail and his shop closed.

Later at the trial, when asked how he had suspected such a high class shop, "Inspector" Johnny Walker proudly exhibited the two pieces of string. "There, sir, is my evidence," he testified. "Two short pieces of jade string! The queerest string in New York! One on a package of opium—the other on a personal gift—both came from the same shop. After that it was easy!"

EDWARD DONAHUE, '28.

Requiem

Wandering listless at hot mid-day
Through a meadow teased by a brook at
play,
I munched at a grass blade, wondering
why
The crickets chirped, and the dragon-fly
Whirled to and fro, and the humming bee
Toiled for his hoard incessantly.
And glad was I that unlike the bees
I had the sense to loll at ease
Through the drowsy, murm'ring, languor-
ous day,
Just idling along a sunlit way.

The dancing brook grew still and wide,
And shallow and dark; and sauntering
beside

I followed it down to an eerie glen;
A ferny, tree-bow'r'd night-cool fen,
Where—joy forgot, it turned to wend
Its wandering way 'round a reedy bend
To a trysting-place with a desolate friend,
In a quiet hollow at journey's end.
And still and cold on its stony bed
It lay by the side of the mill it had fed—
By the feeble frame whence the soul had
fled—

By the palsied side of the gray, old, mill
That loomed like a ling'ring ghost,
Its age-wracked wheel sundered and still,
Abandoned by life and lost—
Its old face seared with the scars of time
Its eyes fixed, grey and dim,
On the rotted wheel that creaked in
rhyme
With the stream's discordant whim.

And the drops that seeped on the sodden
leaves
In a trickling, soggy drench,
Were all just futile, crystal, tears
That I prayed swift time might quench.
And the bats that clung to the mould'ring
eaves
Were mourners on a bench,
Mourning the brief, bright, early years
And it gave my heart a wrench
To think of the youth of the sad, old,
mill
Hiding its grief in a cleft in the hill.

High in the trees a circling wren,
Soaring—chanted a requiem.

Headlong, I fled the place with a cry,
And raced the wind with the dragon-fly.
And scampering back to the sunkissed
mead
I rivalled the brook in its turbulent speed.
And drank in the zest and the meaning of
life,
And knew that the struggle, the joy, and
the strife,
Were each one a part of the wonderful
thing
Called living; and 'memb'ring the old
mill's plight,
I vowed, hastening homeward, that hap-
pen what might
I never would grumble, nor shirk, nor run,
From the joyous achievement of work to
be done.

LILLIAN BEAULIEU, '29.

This Acting Business

THE reason that a great many people believe in the immortality of the soul is due, not to any deep desire for religious satisfaction, but to a fervent hope

that in the next life, if there be one, they will be entirely different from what they are here on earth. We all envy the other fellow, the nice easy job he has, and the

good fortune which seems to lie right in his path, while we unfortunates struggle and slave for something we never can have.

There is, however, one class of people which is exempt, to a great measure, from this universal craving to be somebody else, and that is the actor group. The actor, for several hours each day, projects himself from the very real world in which he is moving, into one which is highly artificial, in which he is conscious of every move his associates are about to make, and every line they will speak. Although he realizes that everything is make believe, and that out front, there is an audience watching his every move, yet the action there on the stage is intensely real to him, and he sees his fellow actors, not as members of a company, but as real characters in the play. He can forget his own cares and worries as he loses his own identity and becomes somebody else. Here the actor is truly fortunate. He does not have to hope that immortality will bring effacement of his present self!

Imagination is probably the actor's greatest asset. Without it there is no acting, for it is absolutely the only tool with which to work. Everything in the theatre is highly artificial. Drinking from a cup which contains nothing but air, pressing a button which will not of itself put out lights, speaking into a telephone with no one at the other end, looking through space at something that isn't there, gazing spellbound at a calcium moon—these, and many other things, require imagination for their enactment in an easy and natural fashion. The actor must use imagination to analyze the character he is playing, and must try to determine what that character would do under certain circumstances.

Stage fright is a much discussed topic

and a dreaded experience. For the self-conscious it is an ordeal to be dreaded for weeks before a public performance. And yet it must be, in a small degree to be sure, an ingredient of even an experienced actor's make-up. David Warfield has said something to this effect, "Beware of the man who is perfectly cool on a first night performance, for though he may be capable, he does not possess the elements of genius, and can never raise himself above others to be at all great." Stage fright should not be confused with panic, for it is, under usual and normal conditions, simply nervousness which vanishes after one steps on the stage. There are people who, although very self-conscious in daily life, completely lose this self-consciousness when they step on the stage and assume a character in sharp contrast to their own.

Stage life is a strenuous one, and not only the actor, but the stage help, must keep "on their toes" every minute. This is especially true in the case of stock companies where an actor is playing three matinées and six evenings a week, besides rehearsing next week's play and semi-rehearsing the one to follow. Lines in stock cannot be learned word for word, because there is no time, and a level head must be kept to cope with any unforeseen incidents or speeches which may arise. Sometimes the electrician, slightly napping on his job, is late in putting out lights when an actor on the stage presses a button, and it makes a poor impression on the audience. However, if one has a keen sense of humor, and it is really essential in acting, one can enjoy such seemingly embarrassing incidents.

Drama is one of the oldest, noblest, and most powerful of the arts. The people enjoy it because it entertains them, gives

them romantic heroes to admire, deep-dyed villains to shudder at, and perhaps, by mild sarcasm, makes them laugh at their own follies. But much as the audience enjoys a play, the real actor enjoys far more his portrayal of a role in that play. His work is his art, his passion, and only another actor can fully

realize what he gains from it. Why? Simply because the actor is the only mortal who is privileged to escape from the relentless millstone of self, and to throw himself, heart and soul, into the portrayal of the always desirable, always to be envied, "other fellow."

KENNETH REARDON, '28.

Here and There

Here is a land of peace;
Where the cattle graze,
By the water ways;
Where the cock crows,
As dawn grows;

Where the houses nestle between the hills,
And the rushing brook meets the little
rills,

Here is the country!

There is a center of life,
Where the people meet,
In a bustling street;
Where cars roar by,
As they seem to fly;

Where, like the tramp of hundreds of feet,
The pulses of industry constantly beat,

There is the city!

MARGARET KENEFICK, '29.

A Fight in the Plaza de Toros

I HAD a friend a few years ago who had come from Spain. Through her I learned many interesting facts about her country. What interested me most was her description of a bull fight she had attended the same year that she came over to America.

The bull fight was to be staged in the Plaza de Toros, and Filomena Capuclun, with her family, walked for a whole day so as to get to the bull ring. Can you imagine one of your neighbors or yourself walking such a distance? When Filomena's family came to the ring, they paid admission fee of six pesetas. That is equivalent to one dollar and twenty cents in American money. No matter how poor the Spaniard, he always can scrape together enough to enable him to enjoy a bull fight, the national sport.

My friend was very much impressed

by the size of the arena which was inclosed by tiers of seats ranged one above the other. This arena seated over fourteen thousand people. A grand box was placed on one side for the President of the festival, and directly opposite, one for the owners of the animals. To the right was the entrance for the bulls; to the left for the horses. The bulls had been brought to the stalls the night previous to the fight and had not been fed. From that time on, the stalls were kept perfectly dark, so that when the animals rushed out into the broad sunlight, after twenty-four hours of fasting, they would be more ferocious than ever.

There were three sets of men in the ring. First, the Picadores, who wore broad-brimmed hats, and, with legs encased in the leather and iron, sat upon their horses at the entrance to the arena,

and attracted the attention of the bull as he rushed in. These men carried a "pico" or short spear, to ward off violent attacks. Next were the Banderilleros, whose part was to launch darts, decorated with long streamers, at the shoulders of the bull, thus increasing his rage. Just above the tips of these darts were fastened torpedoes, which exploded when striking the flesh, making the animal jump into the air. One of the Banderilleros was very clever in my friend's estimation. He sat in a chair, and, awaiting the attack, would fix his darts, one in each shoulder of the bull, and then would slip aside just in time to escape the horns of the animal, which demolished the chair.

The most important actor, and the last to appear, was the Toreador dressed in the richest satins, embroidered in gold

and silver. With his cape over his left arm and sword in his hand he walked toward the President's box. There he stopped, and throwing his cape on the ground swore to do his duty. After having received the order from the President to kill the bull, he walked to the center of the ring, and by waving his red cape, attracted the attention of the bull. The animal had many wounds now, and the Toreador with a quick and sure hand, put an end to him.

My friend thought that there was no wrong in a bull fight. She said that it really was not worse than a prize fight where human beings pound each other to a jelly, applauded and encouraged by men of supposed education and refinement. I almost believe that she is right, and no doubt you do, too.

ALDONA BABEL, '28.

Being a Document Found in a Tree-Top, Attached to a Peculiar, Deflated Toy Balloon

ONE night as I sat idly turning the pages of my newspaper, my eye was caught by an item of unusual interest. A professor, it read, in one of our larger universities, had constructed a rocket in which he proposed to shoot a man to the moon. All was in readiness for the experiment, and the one thing that delayed the realization of the professor's dream was the absence of a prospective passenger.

Oddly enough, the outcome of my reading of this item was that after deep deliberation I presented myself before the professor. I spoke to him of my lifelong yearning for travel, and of my great desire to be one of those fortunate people whom I had heard called "Cosmopolites." Also, I told the professor that I had considered the matter from all angles, and

if one wanted to travel to the moon, I had argued to myself, that the time to go was now, before everybody else started going.

To this day I cannot speak of the frightful sensations which I experienced in my journey to the moon. Enough to say that my eyes at length receded into their sockets, and my hair, after a time, resumed its reclining position on my head.

I eventually reached the moon with such force and dispatch that I shot out of the rocket and bounded over the ground in a series of somersaults at so great a speed that I had covered some distance before I finally slowed to a stop. Upon looking up, I found myself surrounded by moon-people, apparently struck speechless with amazement.

I must describe these amazing crea-

tures. I suppose I should call them "people," but they were in fact exactly like the toy-balloons one sees at beach resorts, with faces painted on them. This accounted for my first impression of having met them before. Their bodies were balloon-like, too; and their clothes were painted on, some of the costumes being very fetching.

They seemed to find my appearance very funny, and kept bounding up and down, which I later found was their way of laughing, as they could not change their facial expression. One fat fellow bounded completely over my head in his amusement.

The days that followed were queer ones to be sure. I began, however, to take an interest in my new world, and I soon took to wandering about visiting various places of interest.

I found that the symmetrical markings commonly believed to be canals, were really a system of race-courses. The moon-people had extremely light, graceful, balloon-horses, whose leaping and bounding were a delight to the eye. They took the greatest pleasure imaginable in racing them, this being their chief sport. To be sure, once in a while one of these horses popped. I do not know if I should say he died or not, but, anyway, he certainly did pop.

One day at the races a moon-fellow was accidentally pierced to death by a pin in my coat. I was very sorry for the poor fellow, but was able through his misfortune to rise to a position of great influence. The people believed this pin to be a magic wand and me to be the possessor of a mysterious power. My life, in consequence, became very pleasant. It was gratifying to receive at last that homage and appreciation which was my due. While on earth I had, for some

reason, never been valued at my true worth. Now all that was past.

Nevertheless, I decided to return to earth. Accordingly, I made my adieux, and was given an elaborate farewell reception. The hour of my departure arrived, and the last selection was being rendered by the reed band of the moon-people, when I realized, with a vague twinge of surprise, that there seemed to be no means of my leaving. This had not occurred to me before, and you may believe that my disappointment was bitter.

I am a versatile fellow, and I soon hit upon the plan of sending a moon-boy to earth with a message. I cast about for a likely prospect, and finally selected a fellow with a particularly vacuous expression. I divulged to him that I was extremely cosmopolitan. I'm sure he didn't know what I meant, but he was very fond of big words, and he became imbued with an intense desire to be as I was. Consequently, to my well-timed suggestion that he go to earth, he readily agreed.

I quickly decided upon the method of travel. These moon-people took their meals in the form of compressed air, which they kept in large tanks (it was very fortunate for me that I had brought with me a considerable store of concentrated food tablets), and I decided to send my messenger to earth by this agency.

The news spread like wildfire, and many celebrations were planned in connection with the great event. It was decided that the entire population should parade in uniform to the appointed hopping-off place. There would then ensue long speeches by important people, after which I should attach the written record of my moon-life to the traveler, in the hope that my fellow-earthmen might, receiving it, make an attempt to reach me. Failing that, I could not banish a

wistful hope that my name and fame might go down to posterity for the fearless fellow that I am.

There is little left to be said. My record is complete, and it but remains for me to proceed to the festivities. Here, standing upon an appropriately decorated platform, I shall release the

air-pressure, aim the tube at the moon-fellow, cunningly placed at a well-calculated angle above me, and blow him, bearing my message, into space in the general direction of earth.

I seal this record in the fervent hope that it may reach its destination, and fulfill its lofty purpose.

LILLIAN BEAULIEU, '29.

A Cat's Repast

With padded feet,
So soft and fleet,
She creeps right up behind it.
Without a sound,
She pounces down
As swiftly as a bandit.
When through her meal,
With vigor real,
She smacks with satisfaction.

She smoothes her fur,
And loudly purrs—
(I wonder at her action.)
Her green eyes blink.
And with a wink,
She drops into a slumber—
To dream of mice,
And all things nice,
In unrecorded number.

INGRID MATTSON, '28.

"Heinz"

AS I was walking down the street the other morning, I saw a little boy coming towards me. I noticed that he had a very strange looking dog with him. As I am very much interested in dogs, and as I had never seen a dog just like the one the little boy had, I stopped him and asked him what kind of dog he had.

"He's a Collie—"

"A Collie? I never saw a Collie that looked like that," I said very much surprised.

"Well, that isn't all. He's part Collie, part Police and part Chow. I guess that there is some Eskimo, Bull, Terrior and some—"

"Never mind telling me the rest. But, Sonny, what do you call this grand dog of yours?"

"I named him 'Heinz'."

"'Heinz'? What a funny name. Why do you call him that?"

"'Fifty-seven Varieties,'" he answered and walked off.

I turned around, looked at the dog and the boy, laughed, and headed towards my office.

When I arrived at my office, I remembered that I had to write an article for the "Daily Gazette." As I was sitting at my desk waiting for an inspiration I recalled the incident of the morning. That dog reminded me of someone or something. What was it?

My secretary interrupted me by telling me that my mail was ready for me to look at. I read my mail and dictated a few letters. This finished, I told the office girl that I would be

busy all morning and that I could see no one.

I was left alone with my thoughts. Again "Heinz" came to my mind. Yes, I know what he reminds me of. Not a thing but a person. That person whose mind seems to be divided into at least fifty-seven divisions. But because the brain is so small these fifty-seven compartments hold very little. The result is that this person has a "sampling" of fifty-seven different kinds of information.

He knows "a little bit of everything and not much of anything." Can he make much of himself? Isn't he, therefore, a mongrel or a creature of little worth? However, unlike the dog he can leave his low estate and become a thoroughbred or a person of authority in one field—if he chooses. If he sees his opportunity and still remains in the mongrel class, isn't "Heinz" a good name for him? . . . And so I continued my paper for the "Daily Gazette."

ISABEL REIMER, '29.

An Old Man

An old man watched the children play;
His back was bent, and his hair was gray;
He leaned very heavily upon a cane,
And laughed and laughed, again and again.

And he watched a game of marbles
through;
Then they heard him murmur as he
passed by,
"Oh, that their childhood I could buy!"

The children played tag, and hop-scotch,
too,

ASTRID ANDERSON, '28.

"Jest"

THERE are certain words in the vocabulary of an American of today that are particularly obnoxious to certain individuals. For instance, the words "awfully" and "corking" are extremely irritating to my father. The mere mention of cigarettes is enough to start my great-aunt on the war-path, while "dearie" is my sister's abomination. But for me, one little word of four letters will spoil my pleasure in a lecture, discourse, or plain conversation. This word is "just" mispronounced "jest." Why will people pronounce it as they do?

Yesterday one of my friends said that her work was "jest" so hard. Now, what do you suppose she meant? Jest means a joke, and yet I cannot think that she

meant that her work was jokingly hard, although that might be possible.

Everywhere I go, that word follows me, sometimes taking the joy out of my pleasures. If I am looking at a gorgeous sunset too beautiful to be described in mere words, and some one says, "Isn't that "jest" marvelous?" the sunset is put in the background and that word "jest" stands out in red letters, making me forget the beautiful thoughts of a moment before. If I am attending a lecture and the speaker, although well educated and a brilliant man in his field of work, is an addict to the word "jest" I am quite apt to forget his abilities and spend my time preparing for the next "jest" that may fall from his lips.

Now, as much as I should like to, I am afraid that I cannot educate the public in this matter. I can only hope that I do not annoy others by my mispro-

nunciation of some word, as much as some people annoy me by "jesting" all of the time. Why do they do it?

MADELINE ANDREWS, '28.

The Coming of Light

WHISTLES were blowing! All was excitement! War had been declared!

Bob Riding was among the first to enlist. He was young, care-free, and full of courage. He sailed on the first ship and was a leader among the sturdy soldiers that were headed for the field.

When the order came from headquarters for an American troop to start for the front, Bob's company was the one to go. The division suffered a great loss of men, but throughout the danger Bob had been in high spirits. His pluck and fearlessness had led them on. He stood out strong, willing and daring.

Since he had shown such high courage, he was advanced to a look-out position and placed in a station which was high on a hill that divided the armies. Not much action had taken place at this point but it was a place which the allied forces did not wish to lose.

Bob was placed here with two of his very good friends, Al and Sam Copperfield, sturdy brothers from northern New England. The boys arranged eight hour watches and for forty-eight hours, all was quiet. When more than one was awake there was merriment, but an ever alert watch was kept.

It was Sam's watch and the time was just about midnight. At midnight Bob would relieve him. Sam took a quick glance toward the German line. What was that which had caught his eye? It was a flash. By the time he had turned for a better view, a shell had

exploded very near their sand bag look-out.

The Germans had located them. Word must reach the forces. He woke Bob. Bob quickly said that Sam must take the news to the nearest trench. Sam wrote his report by shaded light and was off through the darkness.

Another shell came rushing in their direction. By this time Al was up and active. With two against an uncertain number of Germans, it was useless, they realized, and foolish to send out answering shots.

Al decided he would look over the top of the sand bag wall and see what little he was able to. Cautiously he raised his head. There was a whizzing sound and a dull thud. Bob ran to Al's side. Al was wounded and the shot was so high in his cheek that Bob at once realized it was, without doubt, fatal.

Al managed to say, "Bob, they're coming," and then he sank into unconsciousness.

Bob dressed Al's wound as best he could and then peered out into the darkness at the very early morning.

The morning was dark, dreary, foreboding, and Bob felt, for the first time in his life a helplessness, unsteadiness, almost akin to fear. The quiet of it all was maddening. The sudden flare and burst of a bomb was terrorizing. To leave duty and flee would be to remain alive, but he was no coward.

Never before had Bob been deciding the next move for himself and a dying

comrade alone. It had always been a regiment that he cheered on by yelling, or a few firm back slaps. This was different—so different that Bob's mind seemed paralyzed. Al was still unconscious.

Before he realized it, he had done the only possible thing. He was praying. Bob, the atheist praying!

His nerves felt calmed. He would take new courage. This of all times was not the moment to give up to despair! He would wait. Sam would not fail him.

He heard again his mother's words, "Religion is an odd thing. Some find it only through fear or sorrow. Some call it love. Some think it foolish but really, Bob, we all are religious in some way, deep down within us."

Bob had kissed her and replied, "I really don't see it at all, mother."

His mother had added, "Some day you may, Son."

They had both smiled and dropped the matter there.

After thinking once more about the conversation of a number of years ago, Bob mumbled, half aloud, "Mother was always right. The time has come. I feel it."

A flash—a loud report—it had passed. The sand bags were scattered. Al gave a slight murmur. It was the last time his lips moved.

Bob was found dead by Sam when the troops arrived shortly afterwards. He had died a hero's death, at his post, fighting—but no one would ever realize the struggle of his last few hours and his last great victory. His face in death was calm and patient, the struggle and former victories had left but a little scar when compared with his last contest. He died a leader, but a changed leader through the force of his last triumph.

ALICE WOLFE, '28.

Montfaucon Gibbet

'Tis winter in old Paris;
Moonbeams fall on trampled snow;
And out at Montfaucon, the gibbet
stands
Hard by St. Denis Road.
Against the velvet backdrop of the
night,
It bears its grisly load
Of fleshless skeletons.

Click! Clack! Crunch! The bones, the
bones
Of all the dead men dance up there.
How droll it is to see them swing!
A pleasant sight, indeed, to watch—
Swing! Swing! Crash!
The dance has finished that poor man.
His framework falls. Alas, he is no
more!

The leering, mocking, grinning skulls
Indulge too much in merriment
For their sad plight. See
The little pals of François Villon hang up
there.
That skull in which the moonlight gleams
Is that of Rene de Montigny. He grins
in death
Although he seldom did in life.

Behold, the wind is up! The frenzied
bones—
The fleshless, chalklike, grisly bones—
Are dancing to the devil's jig.
Ah, what a night to spend on Montfaucon!
Click! Crunch! Crash! Another frame-
work
In the pit! Who knows, my friend, but
you and I
May some night hang on Montfaucon?

KENNETH REARDON, '28.

When Hope is Dead

THE setting sun imparted its carmine rays to the tropical foliage, and beheld its own ruddy reflection in the sluggish river that flowed through a vast, somber and mysterious forest.

This awe-inspiring panorama of nature was marred by a cluster of badly constructed huts raised on high poles a short distance from a primitive landing place. In the rear of these buildings began a narrow dirt road that soon was engulfed by the dense, almost impenetrable jungle.

On a narrow porch facing the gentle water sat a motionless figure. It was a large, heavily-built man now relaxing in a rustic arm chair. His sunburned face had unusually regular features. His gray eyes were wide set, his nose aquiline and his mouth determined. The auburn hair contrasted sharply with his dark skin. On a rude table close by, was a pile of newspapers and on the floor by the chair a belt and a holster containing a heavy pistol.

To all outward appearances the man seemed to be enjoying the sunset. His half closed eyes, however, showed deep reflection, and occasionally a strange smile softened the sphinx-like features.

Suddenly he sprang up and produced a little red book and a pencil from a box buried among the newspapers. He opened the volume which was a memorandum to the first page and read the large scrawl half aloud to himself—

“Karl Lessing
Schleswig, Holstein
Germany”

He listlessly turned the yellowed leaves while the peculiar smile, both sad and ironical, hovered over his swarthy countenance. When he came to an especially

worn leaf, however, the smile froze on his lips, his gray eyes assumed a steel-like glint and his powerful fingers convulsively grasped the chair until it creaked. He took the pencil and beneath the information about his birth wrote,

Died Oct. 15, 1915

Between clenched teeth he muttered as he read, “‘Engaged to Ebba Stuttgart May 12, 1901.’—What deceit! What perfidy!” His mirthless laugh rang out uncannily discordant with the peaceful night. The pencil and the book fell unheeded from his nerveless fingers.

He reached for the belt by the chair and hastily, as if he feared that delay would deprive him of sufficient will power to execute his design, he took the pistol from its holster. He remembered that there was only one cartridge in it. Slowly he raised the weapon, aimed it at his head, and coolly pulled the trigger, knowing that this was merely a rehearsal of the final act. A slight click resulted. He hesitated and then made a resolution. One of the remaining cylinders contained the fatal cartridge that would blot out everything—futile hopes, jilted love, exile, loneliness. He smiled almost cheerfully. His fingers moved mechanically—four times. A deep frown replaced the smile and his head drooped and his eyes closed, as he was again lost in meditation.

Then slowly, almost inaudibly, splashes seemed to mingle with the rhythmic lapping of the river against its banks and a long shadow seemed to extricate itself from the darkness and to assume the outline of a canoe. No sooner had it touched the landing than a white clad ghost-like figure stepped ashore and slowly came up the path.

It appeared to be a woman, who was

looking about her with a bewildered air as if she were disappointed in the dilapidated huts and in the uncivilized appearance of things. Then she looked up toward the porch. The man bounded out of his chair with an unrestrainable cry of joy. It was she—more captivating than ever. He could never have mistaken that face in a thousand—the face that had always appeared in his dreams—smiling, beckoning.

Ten years of "hell" were forgotten in a brief second. His voice clung to his throat as he uttered what had been in his thoughts for a century, it seemed—"Ebba."

He felt a strong desire to be down there, to hear her speak and dispel his growing fear that she was merely the product of his fancy, but an overpowering force held him back. His unexpected visitor mounted the steps so naturally that the man felt his shaken hope return. He watched her come toward him and sit down on the chair near him; but when she spoke, the once familiar voice seemed to come from a distance. The dark conviction of her faithlessness was soon banished, when she related how she had been forced by her proud parents to write that faithless letter of renunciation. As she spoke, her words became incoherent and her voice seemed to grow fainter. The man with a mighty effort overcame the invisible bonds that held him and sprang toward her.

A deafening report shattered the stillness and—the dream. With the suddenness of the detonation the man was transported from the world of almost celestial fancy to sordid reality. His reeking pistol lay by the side of his chair. With his dominating desire to rush toward the phantom he had jarred the weapon, discharging it. Now he was left unharmed to endure

an existence more unbearable than ever.

He reflected with bitterness that his life had been an endless strife against overwhelming odds—a perpetual struggle upstream. Every time happiness had been within reach, fate had mockingly snatched it away. Surely life had treated him so cruelly that he was justified in leaving it.

His thoughts turned into another channel, after a few moments, and he began to wonder what his friends would say when they learned that he had taken his own life. Would he not be classed with the common herd of poltroons who, too ignoble to face life's adversities, apologetically sneaked out of it? This thought was unpleasant in the extreme. His name which hitherto had been unblemished would now be smirched with the stain of this deed. After a time of depressed meditation, a melancholy smile lighted his features as he conceived of a probable solution to his problem. The slowly flowing river made an enormous horse-shoe bend, which began a few miles downstream. The enclosed tongue of land consisted of a dense and up to this time unknown jungle. Once, however, a party of three men, experienced though they had been in jungle travel, had ventured into the unexplored country never to return. It must have resented their intrusion for it had swallowed them up completely and had not yet yielded the slightest clue revealing their ultimate fate.

As the dejected man pondered over these things, he became more and more convinced that to blow his brains out was too gross a method of leaving this world. He, who had nothing to lose and only blissful, merciful death to gain, would preserve his honor by following in the wake of the three undaunted explorers. He doubted that he would re-

turn alive, a doubt which grew to a firm conviction that he would not, and thus soothed his tormented mind.

The sudden tropical sunrise woke him from his reverie and aroused him to immediate action. He collected and packed in a knapsack all the necessities for such a trip and left a note on the table where it would be sufficiently conspicuous. In it he briefly explained that he had gone for the purpose of discovering some traces of the three men and, if he would succeed, to blaze a trail directly through the jungle to the river.

He had not proceeded very far, before he encountered so dense an underbrush that he was forced continually to hack a passage with his hatchet. After a few miles of slow progression in this manner, the thickets gradually thinned and enormous trees blocked his course.

As the sun disappeared and there came the swift transition from day into night—so characteristic of the tropics—he prepared camp and made a large, cheerful fire that broke the intense stillness with its crackling. Then, as he was gazing into the embers, a long arrow suddenly lodged, quivering, among them.

Then he understood. He did not even pull his pistol to defend himself. If he had desired to do so, it would have been useless because beyond the light from the fire the darkness was impenetrable while he was an easy mark for those in ambush. He stood up silhouetted against the fiery background, and calmly folded his arms. He did not have to wait very long for the invisible archers profited by the opportunity and soon he fell prostrate, pierced to the heart, while a satisfied smile flattered over his features.

NILS SVIBERGSON, '28.

"On Letting One's Hair Grow"

LITERALLY, we all let our hair grow—because we can't stop it. My title refers to the feelings of a person who has worn her hair short, and who finally makes a decision to go to the barber no more.

One frequently encounters a girl who lightly says she is going to let her hair grow. Little does she know of the tortures in store for her. She remains care-free for perhaps a month and then she begins to become uneasy. Somehow or other, small ends seem bound to appear from nowhere. How to get rid of them? Obviously, if she keeps cutting them off, her hair will never reach the desired length.

She pictures herself as having shining tresses, just the right length to do up, in any way that pleases her fancy. This

thought is her sole source of strength during the long siege.

In a month more the family begins to criticize her mode of hair dressing. "For Heaven sake, why don't you have your hair cut—you're a mess!" exclaims her brother. Her mother says, "Dear, don't you think it's time you went to the barber?" (What bliss it would be and how much lighter her load if they would give her encouragement!)

About two months later she decides that as yet she has had nothing to fret about and probably the worst is yet to come.

It's funny how pessimistic one can become just at the close of school and mayhap one has had "gym" during the day. You know why, girls! But the oddest thing about the whole business is

that when you are about to retire, and do your hair up some new way, "just for the fun of it," it goes up wonderfully, feeling as though it would stay up forever. After climbing into bed you lie and think of how you will show your friends tomorrow that you *can* do it up. But alas! Next morning it is impossible to do a thing with it, and you leave for school in despair.

And so time progresses, matters going from bad to worse. As the last straw, your favorite "boy friend" says that he

wishes "to heck" you'd get it cut—that it looks "pretty fierce!"

Finally, there comes a night when you are going to some very special party or dance with aforesaid "boy friend." Maybe that day you have had more trouble than usual. Before you know it you are in the barber's chair. Snip, snip,—gone forever, you hope!

But, "take it from me," in two weeks you will have started to let it grow again. And so on—.

MONA MORRIS, '29.

Evolution

FROM the time man became self-conscious he has wondered where he came from. The stories of the creation in the book of Genesis are attempts of men who lived about 2000 B. C. to account for the creation of the world and its inhabitants. Considering their lack of scientific knowledge, and their ignorance of the world as we know it, these are wonderful and remarkable theories.

Thinking men, however, were not long satisfied with these stories of the creation. They began to notice the remarkable resemblance of man to other animals. As they learned more of anatomy and physiology they discovered that man's structure was almost identical with that of the higher mammals. They wondered at this relationship and advanced various theories to account for it.

Gradually information accumulated, and this idea of relationship between man and other animals developed in a theory that all living things, both plant and animal, are not only related, but actually descended from common ancestors.

Scientists discovered that many animals possessed rudimentary organs, that is, organs that are of no use to them, but

are developed in other groups for important functions. In the foot of the horse there are unused bones which in other animals support separate toes. The boa constrictor has remnants of a hip girdle, though it has never developed legs to use it. In man there are seventy such structures. The best known of these is the appendix which is in man a useless rudiment, while in the rodent it is the largest part of the intestine.

It was found that the embryo of the higher forms pass through stages resembling lower types as they develop.

In both plants and animals were found homologous parts developed for very different purposes.

Through fossil remains, the complete evolution of the horse has been traced. In the case of birds and reptiles, remains have been found clearly showing their descent from a common ancestor.

We have witnessed the development of our domesticated animals from wild types.

From such evidence most scientists are agreed that all living things are related, the closeness being indicated by the degree of similarity. They also agree

that descent has not been in a straight line, but that relationship is through common ancestors.

Proof of the fact of evolution is not enough. It remains to be shown how nature has brought about this evolution.

Darwin's theory of natural selection has established the theory of evolution on a firm basis. This theory is the corner stone of all recent science. It is not confined to biology, but has influenced every branch of science.

The chief factors assigned by Darwin to account for the development of new species are as follows:

Over production of individuals which causes a *struggle for existence*. No two individuals are alike; *slight variations in structure* occur in all. In the struggle for existence only the *fittest will survive*. The following generations will *inherit the favorable characteristics* of the survivors, these characteristics becoming more pronounced with each succeeding generation, until *new forms better adapted to survive are thus naturally selected as new species*.

Natural selection is constantly tending

to fit the individual more closely to its environment.

Carrying the theory to its natural conclusion, it follows that all living things descended from a few original forms. Relationship is more or less distant, depending on the recentness of their separation from their common ancestors.

Evolution does not teach that living or extinct forms can be arranged in a straight line of descent, each descended from its predecessor. It does not teach that man descended from a monkey. It does not teach that God can be left out of the scheme of creation. On the contrary, we get a grander conception of God by studying this science. I like to think that God did not blunder, as he seems to have done according to the Genesis story of the creation. I would rather think that he started with the single live cell, and with a definite end in view, and in a well ordered manner developed the many types of life that are on the earth today.

The creation story according to Genesis is a story of a paradise lost. The story of the creation by evolution is one of a paradise to be gained.

ROBERT RAFUSE, '30.

The Storm

The tempest roared—
The waves tossed high—
The ship rolled on—
To live or die.

The captain feared—
The pilot dared—
A woman wept—
The crew despaired.

The tempest roared!

The storm was o'er—
The ship rolled on—
The waves were calm—
All fear was gone.

The captain sighed—
The pilot smiled—
The woman hummed—
The crew was mild.

The storm was o'er!

DORIS DEXTER, '29.

"Sax" Appeal

I had a great idea one day—
The saxophone I'd like to play—
So with this great ambition fired,
The instrument I quickly hired.

I thought it would not take me long
Before I learned to play a song;
But the more I blew, the more I knew
That this indeed was far from true.

Sweet notes into the "sax" I'd blow,
But instead of music soft and low,
That should come from the saxophone,
Then came instead a wail or moan.

"Hope springs eternal," so they say,
So I have hopes that some fine day,
If I've not lost quite all my breath,
I'll play the "sax" before my death.

LOUIS BALBONI, '29.

Consolation

THE Marden Lumber Camp is situated in the midst of the Adirondack Mountains. It is a very solitary spot, for the inhabitants of the camp are the only human beings within a goodly radius. The camp nestles between two lofty mountains, of which Bear Mountain is the most formidable.

It was in this spot that I, Jim Marden, was established five months after graduation. A new foreman was needed for Marden Camp, so I applied to my father for the position. I remember how he laughed and said, "Jim, my boy, this position will provide an entire change for you!" Then becoming more serious, he added, "You will have to accept facts as they present themselves, and this is a fine opportunity for you to try yourself out."

After five months, I realized that I was having an entire change. The men and I got along very well together. They were crude but kind hearted. Yet, how I missed the companionship of those who had the same interests as I! I was very fond of books. Nothing brought the longing for books more vividly to my mind than the sight of a disreputable, yellow newspaper. I seemed to have no

contact with the life to which I had been accustomed.

On a certain day in November, I seemed to be in an unpleasant mood. Therefore, I decided that a stiff climb up Bear Mountain would relieve the tenseness of my emotions. I climbed until my legs ached. To add to my disgust, a light snow was falling. I decided that I had better turn back. However, some instinct told me to go on a little farther. I did, and soon I came upon a clearing. In the center of this clearing stood a log cabin. I thought that I would force my way in and rest for a while.

The door opened at my touch. Before a cheery fire sat an old man with snow white hair. He was very much amazed at my sudden appearance. He quickly helped me into the room. While he was making me a hot drink, I sat before the fire. Glancing around the room I observed three walls completely covered with book shelves. There were small books, large books, fat books, slim books, and all sorts of books. At once I felt at home.

We sat before the fire and conversed. I learned that my new found friend had, many years before, graduated from my

alma mater. This made us perfectly at ease with each other. I explained to Mr. Davenport, for that was the man's name, the cause of my fierce mood. He then told me that he was feeling very sad. He told me that it was his son's birthday; but his son had been killed just a year before. The fatal accident had occurred on the youth's twentieth birthday. Mr. Davenport said that he had come to his mountain refuge on this day, because he

couldn't stand the tumult of the city. I deeply sympathized with the old gentleman. I tried to comfort him, and in this way I completely forgot my own troubles.

We chatted for several hours, but I knew that it was time for me to depart. We were reluctant to leave each other for each felt that he had found a true friend.

MARGARET KENEFICK, '29.

Spring

Free from the siege of ice and snow,
Over the pebbles it swiftly flows,
Laughing and singing as it goes—
A brooklet winds its way.

Up from their moist and fragrant bed,
Nodding each scalloped, petalled head,
By sun and silver brooklet fed,
Are flowers blooming gay.

Up above the sky is blue;
Sparkling grass is wet with dew;
The air is cool and fragrant, too,
On this early spring time day.
HELEN WALDHEIM, '29.

The Lucky Dog

JACK ACKERS hurried toward his "boss's" office. Just a minute ago the office boy had told him that the "boss" was "sore as the dickens" and wanted to see him at once. Ackers knew what the boss wanted him for, so he hurried along so as to get the "music" over with as soon as possible. He reflected, that if the "boss" fired him, he and Margaret would have to postpone their wedding another long year. He knocked faintly at a door marked, "Private, John E. Elmwood, Editor, New York Times."

A loud, harsh voice called, "Come in." Jack entered and asked, "You wish to see me?"

The editor growled, "Yes, sit down. I

want to talk to you. Ackers," he said, "you have been with the 'Times' for over four years, and as far as I can see you haven't made any progress since the day you entered. I have a good mind to fire you right now, but I'll give you one more chance to make good. As you probably know, Mr. Harvey, the famous archaeologist, has just returned from Egypt, and I understand that he has made some great discoveries. I want you to interview him this afternoon, and have the story ready in time for the morning edition." With a nod of his head he dismissed Ackers.

Ackers left the office with gloom and despair written on his face. He decided

to walk home and save the carfare. (It probably would come in handy in the near future after the "boss" had fired him.) Funny, he thought, that the boss gave him another chance, but he must know how difficult it was to get near enough to Mr. Harvey to interview him. Well, luck was against him and had been ever since he left college to work for the "Times."

As he walked along dejectedly with his chin in his collar and his hands in his pockets, he noticed a large dog following him. Once or twice he kicked it absent-mindedly, but as it didn't pay any attention to him, he turned around to see to whom it belonged. Ackers gave a soft cry of joy when he saw the name on the collar. The dog belonged to Mr. Harvey. This was luck! It was at least a mile to his house, and that meant that the dog was lost. He'd take it to Mr. Harvey.

Ackers, with the dog, approached Harvey's magnificent mansion and rang the bell. The dog showed no sign of being on familiar ground, and Ackers began to doubt that he was bringing the dog to the right owner. Probably it belonged to another person of the same name. He might have known that his luck wouldn't last, but it was too late now. The butler was opening the door. He ushered Ackers and the dog in quite serenely, and asked him to wait until he summoned Mr. Harvey. Only a few minutes had passed, but it seemed an hour to Ackers, when with a bound and a joyful bark, the dog ran toward an old man in the doorway. The archaeologist stooped and

patted the dog and said, "So you're back again. I thought you were lost for good this time." He looked up and said to Ackers, "You are, evidently, the one who brought my dog back."

Ackers said, yes, that he was the one and introduced himself, adding that he wished for an interview with him for the "New York Times." Mr. Harvey very kindly gave his consent, saying that it was the least he could do to reward him. The dog was very valuable and he had purchased it just before he sailed for the United States.

Late that afternoon a different look was on the face of the man who had so gloomily left the "Times" building. He whistled as he ran up the stairs and patted his coat pocket, because it was there the precious papers lay. He immediately knocked at the editor's door and entered. He placed the manuscript on the desk in front of the editor, and without more than a grunt, he began to read it.

Ackers sat down and waited a full half hour before the editor raised his eyes from the papers. He looked long and keenly at Ackers and finally said, "There's more in you, Ackers, than I thought there was. I'm sorry for what I said this noon, and I hope that you are planning to remain here. Of course you'll get a large commission for this. It's the best interview I've read for a long time." With a pat on his back and a handshake, he opened the door. Ackers left the office headed for Margaret's home to tell her the good news. "Now," he thought, "we can be married soon."

INGRID MATTSON, '28.



A Visit to Boyse's Apartment

IT was May in the year 1738. I had idled in to one of the most disreputable of the subterranean eating houses of London. There was but one vacant table far off in a dark corner. In order to be as inconspicuous as possible, I hurried to this table and lit my pipe. Hardly had the smoke begun to curl above my head when I became aware of some person staring down at me. As I looked up, I saw it was none other than Samuel Johnson, who later became a famous writer, but who was at present penniless and unknown.

I tried to engage this man in conversation, for I knew him to be the author of the loudly acclaimed "London." But he was stuffing his mouth full of food using both hands in the operation. At this moment we were joined by a very poorly dressed man who spoke to Johnson and to my great surprise received only a surly incoherent greeting. This fellow was unlike Johnson, however, for he turned to me as he seated himself and began a conversation. The ultimate result was that I was to visit this man, whose name, by the way, was Boyse, at some future time at his room, and read some of his poetry. By the time he had finished talking to me, he had drunk so much that he smelled like a brewery and seemed very tipsy. I hurriedly said good-by and left him, glad to be out in the fresh air, away from the

unsavory surroundings of the eating house.

My business held me for three months before I was able to make my promised visit. My work was cleared up at last; so I started out to fulfill my promise. I entered the door and started to climb the stairs. Before I was halfway up, I was aware of the smell of rum which grew stronger as I approached Boyse's room. I knocked and entered to find him sitting up in bed, drunk as a sailor, his arms through two holes in a blanket, scribbling Latin verse. I asked why he wrote in bed.

"Because!" he replied, "the people of London have no respect for genius. They have not accepted my works. Is not that sufficient proof? I sold my clothes for the necessities of life; that is why I am in bed."

As I glanced about the room, which had rum bottles in every corner, I wondered what he considered the necessities of life. I talked with him and made my departure after an hour, leaving a five-pound note as a remembrance. I suppose it added to the pile of bottles considerably. A week after my visit I heard he had been run over by a hackney coach while he was drunk. He was not a model man, but my acquaintance with him gave me a good idea of Johnson's associates when later I talked to him, after he became a great writer.

HENRY McLAREN, '28.

Mardi Gras

ALL the great port of New Orleans was in holiday attire. Even the old foreign sections of the city were gay, a riot of color. At the end of a narrow old

street could be seen a high fence surrounding the courtyard of an ancient mansion once the seat of a Spanish Prince. Behind these gray old walls was the dreary

house of Signor Gazé, a wealthy Spaniard. A son, twelve years of age, was often left for a long time here, in the care of two foreign servants. On this occasion, because of all the excitement caused by the carnival, two older friends were to stay with the boy.

During the Mardi Gras, it was the custom to hold an open house, or in other words anyone who wished had the privilege of entering a house and of being entertained by the owner.

It happened on the first night of the Mardi Gras that the three boys were talking when a troupe of fun-makers in costume entered the house and demanded refreshments and after being satisfied with dancing a little, they left. Now as the house again assumed its former quiet aspect, the young son of Senor Gazé was missed. A frantic search of the place revealed no trace of the young boy. A short council with the servants was held and the boys decided that the purpose of their evening callers had been to kidnap young Gazé. Because of his father's great wealth a large ransom could be had for his return. Quickly the house was shut up and a search of the city begun.

This, however, was a difficult feat to accomplish as the huge crowds were now gathered in the streets. The elder of the two boys, Charles, ran in search of the police while his brother Henri, more adventurous went towards the river, as he had ideas of his own. The river flowed quietly and a few craft could be seen. One especially, having its riding lights set and a mysterious signal to someone on shore, attracted his eye. Henri looked down into the water by his side and was able to make out the dim outline of a row-boat. He descended some narrow old stairs which led to the water's edge and untied the boat. Now a little frightened he began to row with sharp quick strokes.

A shrill whistle, a shout to come back, an oath or two and very much frightened he turned the boat. The man who had called him, now hailed again, "Hurry up there, Sal! Old man Gazé's got the bulls after us. Take me an' the kid out to the ship quick." The newcomers, a man and boy, boarded the rowboat and a new start was made for the ship. As the vessel, a forty-foot cruiser, drew near someone hailed, "Who comes here?" The rowboat's passenger seemed to expect this question and yelled out his answer, "Just the kid, we got him easy." The three now had reached and boarded the ship. A series of terrible oaths followed, "This here ain't the kid. I never seen this 'un before. Don't be foolin' with me. Where's Gazé's kid?"

A light appeared on the horizon, another and another. Slowly three great beacons played on the ship. "The police!" cried out the master of the cruiser. "The engine won't go, overboard!" But he was too late and was surrounded by police boats. All on board were taken prisoners.

After much argument Henri convinced the police of his innocence and gave his reasons for being aboard the ship. He was then safely taken ashore.

It seems that some person on the dock had overheard the conversation of the kidnappers and had warned the police beforehand.

Young Gazé had been found by Charles much taken up with an entertainment and parade. His story was that he had wrenched himself free from his captors suddenly and had lost himself in the crowd. The kidnapper had not seen the boy before and only had a meager description of him, so he took the first boy of the right size he saw. The captive, however, happened to be the wrong boy

because he was the son of a poor man
from whom little or no ransom could be
received. Thus ran the luck of the kid-

nappers and the adventurous Mardi
Gras.

ROBERT METTERS, '30.

The Race

Horses straining at the wire—
A pistol shot—
They're off!

Pounding hoofs,
Cheers and groans,
Mad shouts—
Come on, Bluebird!
Ladybell!
Ladybell!

The home stretch—
Straining horses,

Passing blurs,
Pleadings,
Ride, Honeybunch, ride!

The wire!
Cries of joy,
Curses,
A steaming horse,
Blankets—
The race is over.

VICTOR J. BABEL, '28.

"The Figurehead"

She stood away from all the world—
And at her feet the sea lay moaning;
High up above a lone gull flew—
And down below, the sea was foaming—

A ship came into sight; and the sun
Shone on its sails of dingy white,
And then it disappeared, and she—
Stood steadfast in the waning light.

She once defied the ocean's wrath
With head held high at a ship's great
prow;
Her arms were bared, her locks wind-
blown;
Lonely, yet proud she stands there now.

JANE HARTWELL, '30.

"Chickie" Landon

"CHICKIE" CHARLES LANDON
was born in the old Landon home-
stead by the Patten Landing Field of St.
Paul, Minnesota.

"Chickie," for he was so named by his
friends, because of his desire to learn to
fly, liked to go down to the aviation field
to watch for the coming of the planes

through the plane sentry's telescope, or
go into the hangar or on the flying field
and watch the fliers tinker and putter
with their fleet-winged steeds. Often,
in exchange for some menial tasks which
he would perform for some of the aviators,
he was given a little airplane ride which
added zest to his ambition to become an

aviator. At home, he had a small workshop where he built model airplanes which had for their motive power, rubber bands. When he was twelve years old, he had been to Chicago where he had won several prizes for his well-made models.

After he graduated from the Smeltor's Memorial High School of St. Paul, he refused to go to college to become a lawyer. His parents, seeing how earnest and sincere he was in his desire to become an aviator, sent him to an aviation school.

Here he forged ahead rapidly and soon graduated with high honors. He then became an aviator for the government as a mail carrier. However, he had his eyes set on doing something bigger than just flying for the government as a mail carrier, where he had become the best of them all.

The Sunairo Airplane Company, just established, desiring to advertise and to prove the worth of its product to everybody in the flying game, selected "Chickie" as their aviator and entered him in the National Aircraft Meet in New York, for selecting the champion of high altitude fliers; and the other companies selected the cream of their fliers and entered them.

"Chickie" felt that here was his chance to "make good," to win fame for himself and his backers. Although he had never attempted real altitude flying, he knew in his own mind that he would win the championship. He trained diligently and faithfully, for altitude flying demands a good physique. He supervised the mechanics as they daily tuned and inspected the Sunairo Airplane Company's entry plane. He took flights daily in the plane to test out new equipment for his altitude flight.

The days rolled swiftly by, till at last the eventful day arrived. "Chickie," clad in furs, was giving a last minute in-

spection of the airplane. When assured that his monoplane was all right, "Chickie" went around to joke and exchange stories with other aviators of national and international repute. Everyone was willing to agree that Count Polki's record would be shattered by the present aggregation of flying aces.

At last the time had come to start. "Chickie," bundled up in his furs and blankets, assured himself that the oxygen tanks and mask were secure, for he would need the oxygen to withstand the low temperature and rare air of the higher levels. He then took care to have the food he was to take up with him within reach.

He then started the plane and taxied it to the file of airplanes that were starting off singly. At last he himself was on the way. As he got into the air he immediately started to zoom his plane and climb for altitude. There were planes all about him eating up altitude and more altitude. At 25,000 feet "Chickie" was forced to put on his oxygen mask because the air had become so rare. At his left, two planes had already given up, while others about him seemed to be making the grade easily. At 30,000 feet the bitter cold had begun to pierce his warm clothing. At 35,000 feet his nose began to bleed because of the rarified air. He began sipping a hot liquid through a syphon for a stimulant, and to drive off a sleepy feeling that he was beginning to have. There was only one plane left. At 38,000 feet, as he glanced at the plane, he saw its white faced begoggled occupant, faint away from lack of oxygen and the plane go somersaulting through the air to destruction.

He shuddered, set his teeth, and then steeled himself to push his stick still farther down. At 40,000 feet he was bleeding badly at his nose and blood had

begun to come through his ears. At 42,000 feet his oxygen tanks were almost exhausted, but he gritted his teeth and tried to keep his wandering mind steady. He reached 43,000 feet and his oxygen tank was empty. He cast off his mask, took a last look at the earth, and forced the plane up for 500 feet more. This brought him the world record and the prize—if he reached land. He then fainted “dead away.” For an instant the plane straightened out and then it

took a tremendous plunge toward the earth for approximately two miles. At this point, “Chickie” came out of his faint, revived by the terrific blast of air, that almost took his breath away. How the plane ever withstood the terrific plunge without going to pieces, he or anybody else that saw the plunge could never explain; but he accomplished the feat and dreamily descended upon the field in a perfect tri-cornered landing, amid the acclamations of the crowd!

VICTOR BABEL, '28.

“If”

If you can study well when all about you
Engage in talking, laughing, and the sort;
If you can come to school next morning
With all your worries plain forgot;
If you can take a scolding from the
teacher,
Because your work is all done wrong,
And never offer her excuses
When she looks so all forlorn;

If you can make a bluff at Virgil,
And in Spanish guess the verb;
Then, never stop in U. S. History
Nor in English either, for a word;
If you can take exams for college
And, pass them with a goodly sum,
You have a mighty store of knowledge
And the credit's yours, my son.

KATHERINE D. GRIFFIN, '28.

Family Transportation in 1979

ONE spring morning in the year 1979, Helen Jones came into the kitchen, where her mother was working.

“Where have you been all morning?” inquired her mother.

“Why, I just flew over to New York in the aero-sedan. I wanted to do some shopping,” replied Helen.

While they were talking, Mr. Jones came in and demanded his lunch. Suddenly he spoke out, “Where is William, anyway?”

“Why,” said Mrs. Jones, “I think he took a run down to Florida in the roadster-plane. He said he was going to play golf, but he told me that he would be back for dinner.”

“Well, he'd better be back,” replied Mr. Jones. “I have a business appointment in Los Angeles at half past three this afternoon, and here it is a quarter past twelve now. I want the roadster-plane.”

“Well, you can't have the aero-sedan,” said Mrs. Jones quite decidedly, “Helen and I are going to hop over to Paris this afternoon to look at the styles.”

“Say, I guess I'll take any plane I want,” retorted Mr. Jones. “Who's running this house anyway?”

Just then William came in.

“Well, young man, where have you been? Didn't I tell you to be home early?” demanded Mr. Jones.

"But I had to take Bob over to Chicago," said William.

That night when they were gathered around the dinner table, Helen asked her father if they were going to get a new aeroplane that spring.

"What!" exclaimed her father, "a new aeroplane! Why the aero-sedan isn't a year old yet."

"But the new models are so snappy looking and so fast," said William.

"Huh," retorted his father, "the only difference that I can see between the one

we have now and the new ones is in the handles on the doors." With this remark the discussion was ended.

Later in the evening Mr. Jones looked up from his newspaper and remarked, "Next month is the fiftieth anniversary of Colonel Lindbergh's flight to Paris. What a wonderful thing it seemed to the people of that time and yet we would think nothing of it today."

"And the aeroplanes they had then were so crude!" said William.

THOMAS HAYDEN, '29.



Social Science Department

Presidential Candidates

A MAN who aspires to the highest office in the nation of the United States should possess above all things character and sound judgment. Many temptations face a President and the people must choose a man who possesses strength of character to face them. There is need also for tact and executive ability since the President will meet many difficult situations and he must know how to deal wisely and well with people who may even be his enemies. Next in importance to these requirements is the need of previous experience in administrative positions. A man who has never been in the position of a leader is not fitted for the Presidency since he may overestimate his powers and displease other officials whose support may be needed to make his administration beneficial to the nation. As a background for this high position of public trust an aspirant to the Presidency must be educated in such subjects as economics, history, and law. A man may not have passed through college, but if he is interested in his nation and its relations to foreign nations, as he must be, he will read much and learn by observation and experience.

The two outstanding candidates for the nomination for President are Hoover and Smith. These men seem to me the best fitted for the office although neither one meets all the requirements mentioned. Herbert Hoover has had much experience in administrative work and foreign affairs. He understands politics although he has not been mixed up in them. I do not know about his character and personality, but surely he must be wise and tactful to have dealt so well with difficult situations in the war. His present position of Secretary of Commerce adds to his experience.

Governor Smith is an honest, wise, man. He has done much to prevent political fraud and has been calm and steadfast in the face of severe criticism. He is self-educated through rich experience. This, while unusual, makes him fitted for a position of superiority since he has raised himself up from poverty and ignorance to the present high position of Governor of the state of New York. He understands politics very well.

I approve of both these men, but think Hoover has the best chance, although I have greater respect for Governor Smith.

ALICE DONAHUE, '28.

Hoover as a Candidate

MOST press observers of politics say that Herbert Hoover is at present distinctly in the lead and many believe that Hoover and Smith are almost cer-

tain to be the contenders for the Presidency next fall.

Hoover has spent a good part of his life abroad, and most of the time he was

engaged in private business so that he became unfamiliar with public affairs in the United States. In fact he became so alienated from our domestic controversies that in 1920 he scarcely knew his party affiliations. With many, this will have the effect of prejudicing his candidacy. People, thinking of his residence abroad, brought up the point that because Mr. Hoover had been abroad so much of his life, he might be banned from candidacy under the law that the President must have been fourteen years a resident within the United States. But the opinion among lawyers was that this could not apply to the Secretary of Commerce. Newspapers and magazines of all sections and all parties almost all agreed in calling the charge of ineligibility "ridiculous," "absurd," and "stupid." This question of ineligibility served to put Hoover more in the limelight than ever.

The politicians do not prefer Hoover. As a rule they use their influence for a man more easily subject to party control

than Hoover. This dislike could be overcome if they could be sure that Hoover was going to win the party nomination. One objection that politicians might have against Hoover is that he objects to American loans in foreign countries and opposes the cancelling of European war debts. However, he is politically strong because he is the only candidate who is identified with Congress.

There is seldom a man suggested for the Presidency who has friends in all localities as Hoover has. The West, which has not had a Presidential nomination for a long time, is openly for Hoover. It admires his business qualities and his unselfish interests in the Department of Commerce. The South is much inclined in his favor because of his flood relief efforts, and the East likes him for his engineering efforts for the greater use of water power.

There is no doubt but that Hoover would prove popular with the people.

ALDONA BABEL, '28.

American Imperialism

THE subject of American Imperialism seems to have taken Europe by storm. All of Europe's authorities and many who are not authorities on such matters are accusing America of imperialism in its Latin-American Policy. In fact every one except those countries concerned seems to fear our policy in Latin-America.

Cuba, the most prosperous and wealthiest of these southern countries offers an example of good American Imperialism. When we took Cuba under our wing in 1898, it was a poverty stricken country reeking with yellow fever and malaria. Now Cuba is a healthy country with many

growing industries. This remarkable change was brought about through the efforts of our army engineers and American supervision.

Nicaragua, the small country which is at present the cause of all this talk, owes her present prosperity to American finance and industry. If Americans forsook Nicaragua there would be a panic almost as bad as the one suffered by Germany at the end of the World War.

A certain noted American journalist, tired of reading about our imperialism, decided to take a trip through Central America and determine for himself the truth of these accusations. He inter-

their success to the United States.

After reading the report of this journal-

we have done in the past.

EDWARD E. DONAHUE, '28.

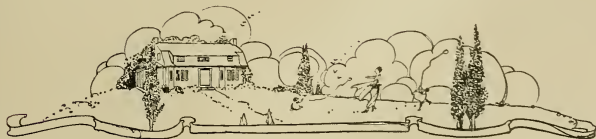
Al Smith for President!

NO man can fill all the unwritten qualifications for President which the fastidious may demand for that office. No man is perfect; there must be some quality which he lacks. We must, then, be reasonable in our views, and consider as the best man he who fills the greatest number of our requirements. Such a man is Alfred E. Smith. No one can deny that he has personality, and that quality certainly is accorded a large part in the success of a man. He also has a romantic background, rising as he did from an humble station in America's greatest city, and this adds to his personal appeal. He knows state politics through and through, and that is surely a great advantage to him. He knows state government perfectly in all its aspects, and because of that the people of New York have repeatedly elected him

governor of that state. What if he has no first hand knowledge of national government? That should not be held against him, because surely his experience as head of the most important state in the Union would serve him so well, should he become President, that he would quickly adapt himself to the changed conditions. His religion should be no bar, and after the idiotic ravings of Heflin of Alabama, his Catholicism has become less of an obstacle. To be sure, he is a "wet," but then prohibition is a very uncertain and much debated question.

Smith, then, seems to me to be, of all the candidates now in the field, the one most fitted for the Presidency; a man with personality, tact, refinement and experience, who would make an able, and, after the reign of "Silent Cal," a decidedly refreshing President.

KENNETH REARDON, '28.



Une Conversation Entre Mon Uncle Française et Moi

J'ai un oncle français qui voyage pour la première fois aux Etats-Unis. Voici la conversation qui est passée entre nous.

Moi: "Oh, Bonjour, Bonjour! Comment allez-vous? Vous êtes-vous bien amusé à bord du bateau?"

Mon Oncle: "Bonjour, chérie. Comme c'est bien de vous voir. Merci, je vais bien et je me suis bien amusé sur le bateau. J'ai rencontré beaucoup d'Américains. Comme ils sont étranges!"

Moi: "Que voulez-vous dire? Je ne vous comprends pas, mon oncle."

Mon Oncle: "Alors, je vous expliquerai ce que je veux dire. Je pense que les vêtements des hommes sont très étranges et ils sont ridicules aussi. Pourquoi portent-ils les pantalons qui sont trop longs et larges? Je ne peux voir qu'un petit morceau des souliers. Ceux que je puis voir sont de la couleur orange. En France les hommes portent les pantalons qui ne sont pas si longs et ils portent les souliers bruns ou noirs. Oh, comme je suis desillusionné!"

Moi: "Je pense que vous les aimerez quand vous vous y accoutumerez. Que pensez-vous des vêtements des filles?"

Mon Oncle (en regardant autour de lui): "Je vois beaucoup de robes jolies. Les femmes sont jolies aussi! Mais les hommes—"

Moi: "Mon Oncle, ne dites rien à propos des hommes. Si vous aimez les femmes—c'est bien. Allons chez moi.

Je pense qu'il est presque l'heure du dîner."

SIGRID NYBORN, '28.

Une Lettre

Le 5 février

Chère Mademoiselle Dupont,

Vous m'avez demandé de vous écrire une petite lettre pour raconter comment j'ai passé la journée de dimanche dernier. Cette lettre est ma première. C'est mon premier essai pour écrire une lettre tout en français.

Dimanche dernier il neigeait, toujours toute la journée. Mon frère et moi, nous sommes allés à l'église à huit heures et demie. Quand nous sommes arrivés à la maison, il neigeait encore. J'ai étudié mes leçons pour lundi. A midi ma mère m'a appelée pour le dîner. Après un dîner excellent, j'ai fait une longue promenade dans la neige, avec mon amie, qui est venue à ma maison.

Nous avons acheté des bonbons et nous sommes retournés à ma maison pour les manger. Mon amie et moi, nous avons joué au piano, nous avons lu un livre et nous avons parlé. Puis mon amie est allée à sa maison. Après que j'ai eu mon souper j'ai lu le journal de dimanche. Je me suis couchée à neuf heures.

Je n'étudie cette langue que depuis six mois; par conséquent je ne puis pas encore faire de belles phrases. N'oubliez pas de m'écrire, quelquefois.

Je vous prie d'agréer l'assurance de mes sentiments d'affection bien sincère.

MARION NASH, '30.

Chateaux en Espagne

Un soir pluvieux Jean Dupont lit devant le feu. Bientôt il cesse de lire et il regarde le feu: Devant lui il voit un beau château de pierre; autour de ce château il y a beaucoup de beaux jardins et des arbres. Jean marche à la porte du château et entre. Devant lui il y a une belle salle, le vestibule. Les murs sont couverts de tapisseries précieuses, sur les planchers polis il y a beaucoup de tapis d'Orient. L'ameublement est de chêne. Une grande lampe éclaire l'escalier.

Jean passe par beaucoup de salles et se trouve maintenant dans le grand salon. Devant le foyer de la cheminée il y a deux grands chiens. Encore il est ébloui par la beauté de ce salon. Il passe maintenant dans la salle à manger. Sur une grande table il y a de bonnes choses à manger. Jean passe encore dans le vestibule et va en haut. Il entre dans la première chambre, "Quelle belle chambre," dit Jean, "Elle est idéale," et il est sur le point de se coucher quand—"Jean! Jean! Allez vous dormir toute la soirée? Il est temps d'étudier votre leçon de français." "Oh!" dit le pauvre Jean, "Mon beau château n'est qu'un rêve!"

ROBERT METTERS, '30.

Une Description d'Une Maison

La maison est brune.

Il y a huit salles dans la maison, quatre en bas, et quatre en haut.

En bas les quatre salles sont le salon, la salle à manger, la cuisine et le vestibule.

En haut il y a une salle de bain, et quatre chambres à coucher.

Dans le salon il y a un piano avec un tabouret, une table, quatre chaises, trois

lampes et des tableaux sur le mur. Sur la table il y a trois livres.

Dans la salle à manger, il y a une table, six chaises, un buffet, deux glaces, des tableaux sur le mur et des fleurs dans une vase sur la table.

Dans la cuisine il y a une table, un fourneau, trois chaises, un rayon avec le porcelaine, et des couteaux, des fourchettes et des cuillers.

Dans une chambre à coucher, qui est en rose, il y a un lit, deux chaises, une table et un bureau.

Dans l'autre chambre à coucher il y a un lit, une chaise, une table de toilette, une table et un pupitre avec une chaise et des tableaux.

Dans la troisième chambre à coucher il y a un lit, une table de toilette, un bureau et une chaise. Sur la table de toilette il y a deux candélabres et sur le bureau il y a des articles de toilette, un petit tableau et une lampe rose.

DORIS VAN GORDER, '30.

La Nuit dans Une Grande Ville et La Nuit à La Campagne

La nuit est la nuit partout, mais la nuit dans la grande ville est très différente de celle à la campagne.

En été la nuit à la campagne est très belle. Presque toujours il y a une clair de lune qui jette une très belle lumière sur les prés. Et les soirs, quand on va faire une promenade dans les chemins, il est très silencieux et seulement le vent dans les arbres fait un bruit. Il n'y a pas beaucoup de personnes dans les rues. La plupart des gens sont chez eux vers dix heures. Tout le monde est tranquille et heureux.

Dans la ville il n'y a pas tel beau tableau de la clair de lune. Toutes les personnes sont pressées. Il y a beaucoup

de grands édifices et la lune n'est pas belle comme à la campagne mais il y a beaucoup de lumières électriques sur les théâtres, les magasins et les restaurants. Dans la ville il y a beaucoup de places pour s'amuser, quelque chose qui manque à la campagne. Et les gens y vont. Beaucoup de personnes se promènent sur les trottoirs aussi tard que la minuit. Les parcs sont remplis de jeunes personnes assis sur les banes jusqu'à bien tard.

La nuit et les gens sont très différentes de ceux de la campagne. Ceux de la ville veulent toujours les choses extraordinaires et nouvelles. A la campagne on sait que c'est la nuit mais dans la ville c'est toujours le jour. On ne dort jamais.

MARION G. CUSHING, '28.

Le Ciel

Par un beau jour, l'aube apporte la clarté du soleil d'or, teintée d'une couleur rougeâtre. Le soleil ressemble à une boule de feu. Pendant le jour, le ciel porte sa robe bleue. Les nuages blancs et emplumés roulent en haut. Le contour pâle de la pleine lune peut être vu. Le soleil se fane lentement à l'horizon.

Par un jour orageux le ciel est couvert de grands nuages, sombres et furieux. Les nuages deviennent de plus en plus grands avant qu'ils se déchirent et envoient des éclairs au travers du ciel. Tout de suite un grondement comme le bruit sourd d'un canon suit. Le ciel tout à coup devient de plus en plus sombre et de grandes gouttes de pluie battante tombent à la terre.

Le soir apporte de grandes masses de nuages blanchâtres. Il fait clair de lune d'une manière brillante, et, en traversant le ciel, la lune jette un clair lumineux sur la terre. Ce soir les Septs Petites Soeurs

peuvent être vues, scintillantes aux cieux. Les nuages membraneux se posent comme des voiles sur les étoiles brillantes.

ALDONA BABEL, '28.

Une Description de la Salle de Classe

La salle de classe de français est au premier étage de l'école supérieure. C'est une petite salle avec seulement deux fenêtres. Près d'une fenêtre il y a une table et une chaise. A côté de la table il y a le pupitre de la maîtresse. Devant la maîtresse il y a trois rangs de chaises pour les élèves. Il y a trente chaises mais seulement vingt-cinq élèves. Il y a plus de filles que de garçons, seulement neuf garçons et seize filles.

Il y a deux portes dans la salle, mais nous n'en employons qu'une. Derrière la maîtresse il y a un tableau noir et un autre tableau noir avec de la craie et des brosses à l'autre côté de la salle.

Les murs de la salle sont blanches et nets. Il y a un calendrier sur le mur.

DOROTHY SANBORN, '30.

Le Cercle Français

La dernière réunion du Cercle Français eut lieu mercredi, le huit février, 1928, dans la salle 112 à trois heures moins quinze.

Chaque membre répondit à son nom avec un mot. Par exemple le premier membre répondit avec un mot qui commença avec la lettre "a". Alors, le deuxième membre répondit à son nom avec le mot donné par le premier membre et avec un autre mot qui commença avec la lettre "b."

Le cercle décida que les membres qui n'assistent pas aux réunions seront congédiés du Cercle Français.

Une pièce fut représentée, intitulée "Rosalie, la Bonne." Les rôles furent joués par Monsieur Britton et Mesdemoiselles Beaulieu et Connolly.

La pièce finie, nous nous amusâmes avec trois jeux.

La séance fut levée à quatre heures et demie.

ISABELLE YARMALOVICH, '29,
Secrétaire.

Un Petit Argument

La Scène: Un omnibus sur une rue de Paris.

Les Personnages: Un conducteur, deux dames, et un vieux monsieur.

Le Conducteur: "Votre prix, s'il vous plaît."

La Première Dame: "Voici le prix de ma place."

La Deuxième Dame: "Et voici le prix de ma place."

La Première Dame: "Voici une bonne place. Tout près de la portière."

La Deuxième Dame: "Oui, c'est une bonne place."

La Première Dame: "Conducteur?"

Le Conducteur: "Oui, Madame?"

La Première Dame: "Voulez-vous ouvrir la portière? Si la portière reste fermée j'aurai une attaque d'apoplexie qui me tuera."

La Deuxième Dame: "Conducteur?"

Le Conducteur: "Oui, Madame?"

La Deuxième Dame: "Fermez la portière, s'il vous plaît, car si la portière est ouverte j'attraperai un rhume qui me tuera."

Le Conducteur hésite une minute.

La Première Dame: "Allez-vous ouvrir la portière?"

Le Conducteur: "Oui, Madame."

La Deuxième Dame: "Allez-vous fermer la portière?"

Le Conducteur: "Oui, Madame."

Le Conducteur est très embarrassée mais un vieux monsieur assis à l'autre bout de l'omnibus dit: "C'est bien simple. Fermez la portière; cela tuera cette dame; alors ouvrez la portière; cela tuera l'autre dame et nous aurons la paix!"

CARLTON DYER, '30.

Une Esquisse de la Plume

Loin sur la côte de Maine, il y a un endroit qui est comme une peinture exquise de Landseer ou de Ruysdael.

Le mois d'Octobre y est le plus beau de toute l'année, parceque alors toute la nature est vêtue des teints les plus adoucis. Le bleu foncé, le bleu très foncé du ciel, est miroité dans l'eau étincelante que le soleil allume de mille diamants flamboyants, et le vent fronce l'eau en tout petits flots.

Au lointain et un peu à gauche apparaissent les formes ombragées des montaignes de "Saddle-back" et de "Washington" qui sont comme un fond pour les voiles luisantes et blanches des vaisseaux qui naviguent majestueusement au fond de la baie, ou pour les petits bateaux qui dansent en badinant près de la côte.

Voici alors l'endroit idéal de s'allonger sur les roches dans un petit coin fait précisément pour vous et de surveiller le bleu, changeant aux couleurs glorieuses d'un coucher du soleil d'octobre, que se fanent jusqu'à ce que la lune se lève et inonde le monde avec sa lumière argentée.

MADELENE ANDREWS, '28.

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, conocido como el mayor novelista español nació en Alcalá de Henares el 9 de octubre de 1547. Cuando era bastante

joven se enlistó y tomó parte en la batalla de Lepanto en 1570 donde perdió su mano izquierda. Así se llamaba "El Manco de Lepanto." Más tarde fué apresado por un escuadrón de piratas argelinos; quedó encarcelado por cinco años y sufrió mucho. Al fin era rescatado por sus amigos después de haber pasado una vida de cautiverio hasta 1850.

Cervantes en seguida volvió a España y pasó su tiempo escribiendo. "Galatia," su primera novela, tuvo gran éxito. Su obra maestra, "Don Quijote" fué publicada en Madrid en 1605. Pronto "Don Quijote" fué traducido en todos los idiomas del mundo. Cervantes escribió también varios otros libros hasta su muerte en 1616. Su nombre y sus obras serán siempre famosos.

FLORA VERDERBER, '28.

Leandro Fernandez de Moratin

Leandro Fernández de Moratín nació en Madrid en mil setecientos sesenta. Su padre era poeta pero no quería que su hijo fuese poeta. Le gustaba Francia mucho y vivía allá mucho tiempo. Aprendió muchas lenguas y escribió mucho. Muchas de sus obras no fueron publicadas. Era muy aficionado a Molière y imitaba sus obras. El es uno de los mejores poetas de España. El murió en Francia en mil ochocientos veinte y ocho. Fué enterrado entre sus dos amigos, Molière y La Fontaine. En mil ochocientos cincuenta y tres su cuerpo fué traído a Madrid.

Es más conocido por sus dramas. Su mejor drama es "El Sí de las Niñas" que escribió en mil ochocientos y seis y que vamos a leer en nuestra clase de español este año. El escribió también

canciones y comedias. El escribió "La Toma de Granada," "El Viejo y la Niña," y "Lección Poética."

MARY FOLEY, '28.

Vicente Blasco Ibanez

Blasco Ibañez murió recientemente a su bella casa en Mentone, Francia. Había pasado la mayor parte de su vida trabajando contra la monarquía española porque creía que la gente debe gobernar el país.

Ibañez era desterrado y encarcelado muchas veces a causa de sus creencias.

Blasco Ibañez era un gran novelista. Escribió muchos libros como, por ejemplo, "Los Cuatro Jinetes," "Sangre y Arena," "La Barraca," "Mare Nostrum" y otros muchos libros interesantes.

Cuando su libro, "Los Cuatro Jinetes" fué traducido en inglés, para vender en América, Ibañez empezó a hacer una fortuna. Todo el mundo compró el libro y la gente empezó a tomar más interés en Ibañez.

Después de haber hecho una fortuna, Ibañez mandó hacer un jardín hermoso por muchos jardineros de todas partes de Francia.

Gastó su dinero sin límites. También gastó mucho dinero para los libros. Sin ellos, ningún cuarto era perfecto.

Ibañez nació en Valencia pero no quería volver allá, muerte o vivo, mientras que había todavía una monarquía. Su hijo quiso enterrar a su padre en España pero no era su voluntad; así su cuerpo reposa a Mentone.

Un poco antes de su muerte, Ibañez rabajaba en un libro llamado, "El Quinto Jinete." Había viajado mucho para obtener material para este libro, el que había de ser su mejor libro.

HARRY CARLSON, '28.

Una Descripción de mi Sala de Clase

Mi sala de clase está en la escuela superior de Norwood. El número del aula es ciento treinta y tres y el aula es dividida por una partición de la clase próxima. El aula es grande y alta. Hay veinte y tres alumnos y una profesora en el aula. Hay también tres ventanas. Un reloj de pared dice a la profesora y a los alumnos la hora del día. Los alumnos escriben en las pizarras. La profesora tiene una mesa grande y cada alumno tiene una mesita. Hay también un teléfono en la pared. En un rincón está una mesa en que hay muchos libros. Hay luces en el techo. Yo creo que esta clase de español es la mejor clase de la escuela superior de Norwood.

JACK McNEELEY, '29.

Ludi Olympiaci

In septentrionibus de Sparta regione Eliade nomine et in urbe Olympiae, pulchrum templum stetit, ad Iovem venerandum, primum deum Graiorum. Hoc delubrum, dicitur aedificatum ab Hercule magno heroe.

Ex fabulis, Hercules, natus Iovis erat dei et iusserat hic haberi sollemnia ampla quibusque annis quattuor in honore parentis caelestis.

Invitamenti causā ad templum Olympiae, omnium vulgorum vici norum, Hercules multōs ludos athléticos instituit—luctationem, iaculationem lapidis et hastae, stadium, hipodromum et curriculum, pugilationem, natationem ceterosque ludos Olympiacos.

Hercules ipse praesens in primis his sollemniis iudex ludorum erat, praemium foliatis coronis agrestium oleārum victoribus dedit. Exinde hic mos conser-

vatus erat et Graeci iuvenes hoc sertum inornatum palmam pulcherrimam habuerunt.

Ut iuvenes Spartani clari athlētae erant. Stalim illi gravem partem in ludis Olympiacis habuerunt, vicerunt multa praemia et postulavērunt honorem defendendi templi Olympiae, omnibus diebus periculi.

Populus universus Olympiam ludos conspiciere venit et munera pretiosa posuerunt multa ante altaria ut aedes praeclara amoe nitate opulentiaque fieret. Sculptorēs artificesque etiam id speciminibus artis suae decoraverunt et templum statim artis gemmas numerosas continuit.

Dilectissimum omnium simulacorum Iovis erat quod opus celebris sculptoris Phidiae erat. Hoc signum paulo plusquam quadraginta pedum altitudine erat et dum ipse deus ebore coelatus est puro albo, capili sui barbaque vestimenta auro facta sunt et sui oculi nitidis gemmis.

Templum nemusque ultra multis simulacris aliorum deorum victorumque omnium ornata sunt.

Per celebrationes ludorum Olympiacorum multa deis sacrificia data sunt et religiosae pompae in honore eorum multae erant.

Aetque poetae artificesque quam athletae consuetudine illuc semper advolaverunt quod contentiones poeticae et carminis erant et populus ceterus adomnes labores videndos venit.

Inter ludos itaque, poetae sua carmina recitavērunt, musici cantūs suos cecinerunt, lectitavērunt narrationēs auctorēs, suās fabulās lectissimas fabulatores naravērunt ad turbas vastas oblectandas quae venerant ibi ex omnibus partibus Graeciae etiam ab oris Italiae Asiaeque.

Mulieribus et puellis non licuit in vulgo saepe apparēre nec Olympiacos certos ludos vidēre. Erant dies speciales

quae eis sacri erant etiam puellis palmas contendere licuit.

Illae contenderunt et visus bellus videre omnes illas sanas currere felices puellas erat circum stadium ubi cursus nuntiatus est.

Unus ex ludis appellatus curriculum facis est. Singuli cursores taedam flagrantem suis manibus portavērunt. Licuit omnibus tentare taedam flagrantem extinguere et praemium virgini datum est quae primum metam face flammante attingeret vel uni quae suam diūtissime flammare servaret.

Tria secula post ortum Christi, ludi Olympiaci evanuerunt et magnus dolor Graiis ceteroque populo erat.

CHARLES W. BABEL, '28.

A edificia Romana

Mons Palatinus erat celeberrimus apud septem montēs Romae. Multī clarī civēs ibi habitabant. Item antiquissima et sacrissima delubra ibi fuērunt. Apud ea fuērunt,—Templum Vestae, Templum Concordiae, Templum Castoris, et Templum Iovis.

Primum magnā parte declivitatē forō usī sunt. Deinde eō ad transagendam rem civitatis usī sunt, sed etiam Forum appellabatur.

Rostra fuērunt pulpitum oratoris et

sic nominata sunt quod rostris captārum navium decorata sunt. Cicero paene omnēs suas orationēsi n eō locō habuit. Nova Rostra ā Iuliō Caesare aedificata sunt.

Templum Vestae fuit fanum deae Vestae. In eō templō sacer ignis constanter incendebat et ab Vestalibus vigilabatur.

Templum Concordiae quartā centuriā aedificatum est. Reditum concordiae apud patriciōs et plebēs commemoravit. Frequenter hōc restitutum et decoratum est.

Templum Castoris donum deīs Castorī et Polluci dedicatum est. Aedificium magnificē ab Tiberiō restitutum est.

Templum Iovis Optimi Maximi fuit pulcherrimum. Hoc delubrum magna detrimenta subiit. Semper etiam fanum pulchrius factum est. Hōc templum delubra Iovis, Iuonis et Minervae continuit.

ELIZABETH BLAIR, '29.

Hesternodie et Hodie

Cicero, Caesar, viri optimi

Erant Romae viri praeclarissimi
Suis orationibus multitudo fruēbatur,

Et eae ab omnibus expectabantur.
Sed iam nos quī eas legimus

Miserimī eīs orationibus fimus.

BERTHA CUSHING, '29.



Our friends may be interested in the financial report of our Christmas party which is published in this issue of the "Arguenot" (see p. 40). Items which were donated,—the Christmas tree, cakes, books and extra ice cream have not been included in the expenditures.

It is planned that in the near future the Quest Club visit the Gardner

Museum. Lillian Beaulieu has generously spent some time looking up the history of the museum and the life of its founder, Isabella Stewart Gardner. She has written a very interesting article in order that all Questers may have an opportunity to learn something of the museum before the day set for visiting it. We feel this should be one of the Quest Club's most popular trips.

Fenway Court

ONE of the most unique and interesting museums in America is Fenway Court. It houses, according to renowned authorities, one of the finest collections of objets d'art in the world. Created by Isabella Stewart Gardner as a memorial to her deceased husband, it became eventually her dominating interest, and absorbed so much of her energy, ideals, and personality, that it may reasonably be looked upon as her life work.

Mrs. Gardner was born Isabella Stewart in the year 1840. In her early youth she was taken by her parents to Paris, and there formed a friendship with a schoolmate, Julia Gardner, of Boston. To her she confided her great desire to possess a

house filled with beautiful objects of art for people to look upon and enjoy.

In the year 1859 Isabella paid a visit to her friend, whereupon her hostess's younger brother Jack fell immediately and desperately in love with her.

In 1860 they married and took up residence in Boston, and soon many rumors concerning her were bandied about; for Mrs. Jack's ways were not Boston ways. She did as she pleased without regard for Boston etiquette or custom. For all adverse rumors or criticisms she had one reply, "Don't spoil a good story by telling the truth."

Because of her daring and originality, the feminine contingent of Boston society

commenced buying pictures. At the same time she was not forming a collection, but merely gathering about her the beautiful things that she loved.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner went to Europe in 1884 and there for the first time she seems to have discovered the glory of painting. She studied diligently the great works of art and filled her album with photographs of them.

In Seville they made their first purchase of an old painting, a Madonna by Zurbarán. It stands today as the altar piece in the Spanish Chapel at Fenway Court.

In 1891 Mrs. Gardner inherited \$2,750,000 from her father with which she determined to establish definitely her art collection. At the end of eight years she and Mr. Gardner decided that they must build Fenway Court to house the growing collection.

In Mrs. Gardner's career as a collector, the year 1896 is memorable, for by this time she had accumulated so many rare works of art that she became aware that her collection gave promise of achieving renown. It was then that she purchased Rembrandt's painting of himself, which may be called the corner-stone of Fenway Court, for it was the first picture that Mrs. Gardner bought with the inten-

Fra Angelico's "Death and Assumption of the Virgin," than which there is no lovelier work of this precious master, was purchased in the same year. Five panels by Simone Martini were procured at a price absurdly low, and are, according to at least one expert, the chief glory of Fenway Court.

At length in the year 1899 Mrs. Gardner, according to newspaper reports, had bought a Florentine Palace, built during the Renaissance, and was shipping it, every stone, to Boston. Hundreds of cases arrived from Europe, containing marble columns, painted ceilings, and mosaic floors.

In a crystal locket in the museum is forever preserved the four-leafed clover that lay at her feet on that momentous June day when she stepped from her carriage to witness the ground being broken for the foundation of Fenway Court.

Mrs. Gardner now set herself to the task of bringing about the realization of her old dream. Every day she supervised the work going on in the Fenway, bringing her lunch with her, as did the workmen. She delighted in directing and guiding skilled workers, always insistent that her ideas be carried out

meticulously. In one instance she seized an axe from the hand of the workman, and herself hacking at a beam for her Gothic room showed him the rough hewn effect she desired.

During the years that followed many valuable works were added to the already famed collection, among them Titian's "Rape of Europa," said by Rubens to be the greatest picture in the world.

Through it all Mrs. Gardner worked untiringly and planned brilliantly, often going to enormous expense to create a

picturesque and suitable setting for a single work. A Spanish gallery, of tiles procured in Mexico, was built to enhance the display of John Singer Sargent's "El Jaleo."

Thus Fenway Court evolved into a veritable treasure house of the beautiful, reflecting almost tangibly the original genius and rare personality of its talented founder, and remaining as a lasting monument to her keen appreciation of beauty.

LILLIAN BEAULIEU, '29.

News Items

Quest Club pins are now being ordered. So far this year, one hundred and eighty-five Questers have earned the right to wear a pin. Fifty-three of these are Sophomores.

The attractive new lettering over the door of the Quest Club room is the work of Timothy Donahue.

Charge of the Quest Club room has been given to Dorothy Sanborn and Bettina Everett. It is their duty to see that the room is in order at all times, and that sewing supplies are replenished when needed. If you do not find the color darning cotton you need, please report that fact to one of these girls.

Sixty-five dollars has been sent to the Superintendent's office for deposit in "Questers' Aid." This is the money we

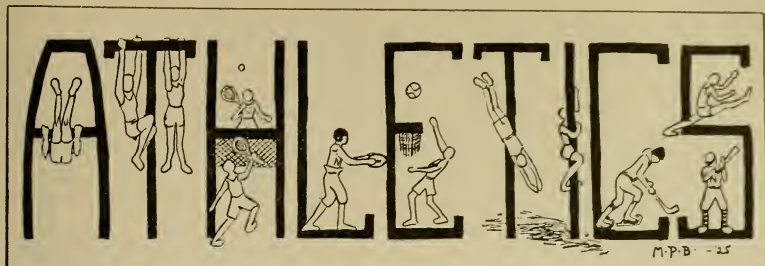
earned selling candy and letter paper. Since we raised sufficient money for our Christmas party expenses in other ways, we were able to send the entire amount to "Questers' Aid."

The firm from which we purchased letter paper before Christmas is continuing the profit sharing privilege to us. Since we do not need to raise money at just this time individual Questers may profit by this. The paper sells for \$1.25 a box. Our profit is \$.45. Until further notice the Executive Board will order paper for Questers at \$.80 a box. The Board will be glad to fill orders for Alumni Questers. There are fifty double sheets and fifty envelopes in a box. Paper is marked with any three initials. Orders may be mailed to the Quest Club, High School. Paper may be ordered by persons other than Questers at the usual price of \$1.25 a box.

Financial Report Quest Club Christmas Party, 1927

<i>Receipts</i>		<i>Expenses</i>	
Food Sale	\$81.01	Toys	\$102.27
Contributions		Mittens	26.80
Questers	35.10	Candy	6.25
Friends	73.00	Stationery	6.00
		Santa costume	5.00
		Decorations	5.51
		Ice cream	4.50
		Train tickets	2.00
		Sundries	9.95
			<hr/> \$168.28
		Balance	20.83
			<hr/>
	<hr/> \$189.11		\$189.11





Basket Ball Games

NORWOOD 11—FRANKLIN 19

This was the first game of the season and it was well attended by the student body of both schools. Franklin started off by making two baskets, but the Norwood boys were right behind them. The spectators found the game a very fast and interesting one to watch. Both teams had an equal standing as far as speed was concerned. Toward the end of the game, Franklin worked ahead and came out the winner by four baskets.

NORWOOD 33—MILLIS 17

After Norwood was defeated by Franklin they took their revenge on Millis. Norwood took the lead and did not lose it through the game. Millis only scored five baskets in the first half, but no matter how hard they tried, they could not tie the score.

NORWOOD 14—QUINCY 30

The Norwood boys lost their second game of the season, in the school gym, to the fast Quincy quintet. The Norwood boys appeared strong at certain intervals, but they could not compete with the team work of Quincy. Kelliher was the high scorer for Norwood. He had three baskets and one foul to his credit. This was half of Norwood's score.

NORWOOD 12—DEDHAM 24

After the defeat our boys took last week, they were expected to come out strong against Dedham. Although fighting hard, and full of spirit, the local five were unable to beat their rivals. Callahan of Dedham had a "field day" with ten points to his credit.

NORWOOD 24—FRAMINGHAM 37

This game looked like a winner for Norwood. At the end of the first half, Norwood was only six points behind and had a good chance, but in the second half the visiting team piled up fourteen more points which easily gave them the game. Donovan and Conley starred for Norwood and Framingham's right forward was the outstanding man on the floor. He had an individual score of eighteen points.

NORWOOD 23—NEEDHAM 20

At the beginning of this game, Coach Murray made a few changes in the lineup. Silverman took Donovan's place as right guard and the latter went to center, in place of Kelliher who was dropped from the first team. Donahue also started at left guard in place of Jasonis. This game was a hard-fought one and Norwood turned out to be the victors. Needham was right behind them throughout the

game, but could neither tie the score nor take the lead.

NORWOOD 18—FRANKLIN 29

Norwood journeyed to Franklin and received its second defeat from this team. The boys fought hard with their usual spirit, but the Franklin five was too fast for them. Donovan was high man for Norwood with ten points.

NORWOOD 16—FRAMINGHAM 28

The Norwood boys came out on the short end of the score when it clashed with Framingham on the latter's floor. This is the second game that Norwood has lost to Framingham. Donovan was high scorer for Norwood with six points to his credit.

NORWOOD 22—MILTON 16

Norwood boys were out for revenge and they got it this time. Milton had a fast team but not fast enough for Norwood. Captain Clem was the high

scorer for Norwood. He caged four floor goals and put two free tries through the basket for a total score of ten points. The high scorer for Milton only had six points to his credit. This was a hard fought game and both teams had many personal fouls.

NORWOOD 17—DEDHAM 27

The Norwood team went with the hopes of winning back the game they had lost to Dedham a few weeks ago, but they could not seem to get started. Dedham turned out the winners with five baskets to the good. Their left guard had ten points in his favor.

NORWOOD 14—NATICK 26

Norwood played its last game of the season with Natick at the school gym. This game was loosely played and the visiting team took the game with six baskets to the good. Clem was the outstanding player for his team with a score of five points.



L
January 6, 1928—Friday morning, January 6, 1928, a very interesting assembly was held. Joe Potanico, a North American Indian, addressed the school. He told of many interesting experiences in the life of an Indian. He showed several fine specimens of an Indian's skill in beadwork. He also explained the making of arrow heads, tanning leather, religious ceremonies and other happenings in Indian life seldom realized by the public. Potanico and his assistant then gave a demonstration of the use of the lariat when roping animals. This assembly was very instructive and interesting.

January 13, 1928—Friday, January 13, the entire school gathered for assembly. The honor roll was read and the Chamber of Commerce Scholarship Cup was again awarded to the juniors, the Class of 1929. The juniors must "look to their laurels" for the seniors are but a few points behind. The school, as a whole, gained in the number of students on the Honor Roll.

February 10, 1928—An unusual assembly was held on Friday, February 10. Nine boys, under the direction of Coach

H. Bennett Murray, gave a fine exhibition of tumbling, spring board work, and feats on the parallel bars. A comic team, claiming to represent Squedunk High School, produced great hilarity with their stunts. Finally, greatly discouraged, this team disappeared.

March 2, 1928—An assembly was held in the gymnasium for the purpose of awarding the Chamber of Commerce Scholarship Cup. Before making the award, Mr. Archibald gave a few of the highlights of the convention of the superintendents and principals of the National Educational Association which was recently held in Boston. The Honor Roll was then read by the assistant-principal, Miss MacGonagle. For the third successive term this year the cup was awarded to the Class of 1929. The percentage of students on the honor roll of the three classes is as follows: Class of 1929, 20.35%; Class of 1928, 16.93%; Class of 1930, 10.41%. The school as a whole, had gained .09% making the total percentage of pupils on the honor roll 15.52%. The Junior Class has shown fine work in retaining the cup over so long a period of time.

...ence to them. More than two hours a week is put in throughout the school year in rehearsing, and, as we have no music room, this practice is held under conditions which are very annoying at times.

...so
...kes
...what
it lacks in variety of instruments, and as a consequence it has built up a splendid reputation for itself in this town.

THE EDITOR.

Senior Class Notes

The Senior Play, "Pals First," was presented February sixteenth and seventeenth. It was very well given and showed the results of much hard and faithful work by the members of the cast. Financially, the play was quite successful.

The character of Danny Rowland, who turned out to be Richard Castleman, was played to perfection by Kenneth Rear-don. The part of his pal, Dominy, was taken by Henry McClaren. Danny and Dominy were the kind of pals that stick together through thick and thin. Abbie Tobin, in the role of Jean Logan, showed some very good acting. She was Danny's sweetheart. Judge Logan, Jean's uncle, was very well presented by Nils Sviberg-son, who certainly had the appearance and manner of a real judge. Beatrice Silvernail, as Aunt Alicia, looked as sweet as any old-fashioned picture. Her deafness was the cause of much laughter. John Paszkowski, as Dr. Chilton, de-

serves credit for his very fine acting. Aunt Caroline and Uncle Alex were great favorites. They were Richard Castle-man's two negro servants. Julia Lewis and Louis Thomas acted these parts. There was a very great feeling of rivalry shown between Stivers and the Con- stable in their ability to find the escaped convict. Raymond Jastrock and Charles Babel played these parts. Last, but not least, was the Squirrel, which part was taken by Victor Babel.

At first, there were many doubts as to whether the play was going to be a success or not, but under the able direction of the coach, Mr. Burnham, and the business managers, it emerged as a successful venture.

The candy committee, with the help of the underclassmen, the Senior Advisors, the property and stage managers, and the ushers, all did their share toward making the play more successful.

The third term has passed and the Seniors have failed to win the cup.

There are still two more terms left in which we can try for it.

Seniors! don't forget your class dues!

SENIOR CLASS MEETINGS

A Senior Class meeting was held on January 18 in the gymnasium. The purpose of the meeting was to decide what the price of admission to the Senior Play should be. Miss McGonagle suggested that the price should be fifty cents for the Thursday night performance, and seventy-five cents for Friday night. A dance is held following the play on Friday; therefore, it was thought advisable to make the change in the price of admission.

The suggestion was not approved by all, at first, and so a discussion followed. In the midst of the discussion one of the students said that those who could not dance could go Thursday night, and those who wanted to dance could go Friday night. Everybody agreed that he had the right idea, and finally voted to have the new price for the tickets.

On February 8th the Seniors had a meeting in the gymnasium. Miss Burke, business manager of the play, gave a report on the sale of tickets. Not many tickets had been sold and so now was the time to get right down to business. Miss McGonagle said that other classes had sold many more tickets at this date, than our class had. She said also that much more money had been collected by other classes by this time. Miss Gow gave the class some encouraging "tips," and also reminded them of the importance in making the play a success.

The usual discussion began. Some students thought that the play had not been well advertised. Many suggestions for advertising were made. Someone said to broadcast it over the radio. Another said that more window posters should be made. The arguing continued and still nothing had been settled. Finally it was decided that each one should do the advertising by visiting twenty people that he knew. The class also voted not to give complimentary tickets to the play committee.

The Senior Class had a meeting on February 15 in the gymnasium. This meeting was called in order to straighten out a few matters, before the play. Miss Burke gave a report on the sale of tickets and the amount of money collected so far. About one hundred seats were still unsold for Thursday night and about two hundred for Friday. This meant that the class would lose a neat little sum of money if it did not get busy and sell every seat.

A report was given by Miss Bryniulfson who had charge of the candy which was to be sold at the play. She said that more home-made candy, contributed by the girls, was desired. The students who could not get home-made candy could give a quarter to help in some way. The meeting adjourned, after some discussion.

SENIOR JOKES

Mr. Geer's favorite pastime is to fix the windows and curtains in rooms 202 and 203 during study hour.

First Pupil: "Have you a Fite's history book?"

Second Pupil: "No, I have a Battle history book."

Teacher (to Taylor): "Go set in your seat."

* * *

Miss Tobin: "How fast does a beam of light travel?"

Science teacher: "By the way, how would you like to ride on one?"

Miss Tobin: "I'd rather go on a buggy ride."

* * *

Science Teacher: "This tends to have a tendency."

"I have here a round globe."

* * *

Teacher: "Are you talking again?"

Pupil: "No, still."

* * *

Found on a Senior's paper: "She new what she was righting about?"

* * *

Physics Teacher (in performing an experiment): "I don't know whether this will work or not, but we'll hope for the best."

* * *

Miss James (to Dorothy Pusateri): "Please write it on the board, Mitches Weet" (meaning Witches meet—)

* * *

Instructor in Physics Class: "Sensations pass from the nerves to the brain, and if a person hasn't a brain, I don't know where they go."

* * *

Mr. Woodbury: "The idea is simply this."

* * *

Hoffman (to Thomas): "Did you read Black Beauty's Sister for a book report?"

Thomas: "No, I read Sphere by R. U. Round."

Mr. Woodbury: "How did they used to do it?"

Rose Bashford: "They didn't."

* * *

Teacher (examining a violin of one of the members of the orchestra): "This violin was made in 1771."

One pupil to owner: "Have you had it ever since then?"

* * *

Another one of Mr. Woodbury's pet remarks is "Now, what did you study about for to-day?"

* * *

Teacher (at the end of a term): "Now that you are all tired, I can feel that we have accomplished something."

* * *

Miss Nordon (to history class): "Look up the terms of the Treace Peaty" (meaning Peace Treaty).

* * *

Teacher: "What time of day was it?"

Pupil: "Night."

* * *

Miss Pollard: "Where were you when Charles I was beheaded?" (meaning where on the paper.)

* * *

Favorite remark in Physics Class: "There's nothing to it."

* * *

Miss Nordon: "What's the matter, Taylor? You haven't opened your mouth this morning."

Taylor: "Yes, I did. I yawned about five minutes ago."

* * *

Miss Dillon (reading essay): "It was dark, and Mr. Breen didn't let his horses stay out after nine o'clock."

FAVORITE MOVIES

Mary Connolly—"Silk Legs."

Catherine Daisly—"Lovelorn."

May White—"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Kenneth Reardon—"Student Prince."

Julia Lewis—"Jazz."
 Marie Werner—"College Widow."
 "Toddy"—"It."
 Aldona Babel—"Get Your Man."
 Rose Bashford—"Rough House Rosy."
 Frances Peavy and C. Gustafson—"Adam and Evil."
 Sam Hoffman—"Wine, Women, War."
 "Sinky" and "Bunny"—"Love."
 Sigrid Nyborn—"Ladies Must Dress."
 J. Horgan and T. Donahue—"Sharp Shooters."
 Williamson and V. Daniels—"Hearts of the World."
 Mona Morris—"Loves of Car-men."
 "Smickles"—"Galloping Fury."
 Edith Burke—"The Cheer Leader."
 Catherine Doran—"Who's Afraid?"
 Mary Keady—"The 13th Juror."

Week of Vacation—"Seventh Heaven."
 12 o'clock—"The Rush Hour."
 Walks of N. H. S.—"Sidewalks of New York."
 Hockey Team—"Wings."
 Students of N. H. S.—"Les Miserables."
 "Thou *Shalt* Walk Through the Corridors"—"The Last Command."
 Afternoon Session—"13th Hour."
 Nichols Street—"Road to Rome."
 Study or Get Out—"Bare Facts."
 In N. H. S.—"No Babies Wanted."
 "U" Cards—"Scandals."
 School Year—"Fast and Furious."
 Gym—"West Point."
 Common Business at N. H. S.—"Sure."
 Piano in Gym—"Old Ironsides."
 Yours truly,

HELEN WACKS, '28.

Junior Class Notes

We want to congratulate the Senior class on the fine work they did on their class play. It certainly was a wonderful success. It seems hardly possible that next year we shall be giving the famous Senior play. Here's hoping it goes off as well. We also want to congratulate ourselves on winning the Board of Trade Scholarship Cup again the third term, but we will have to "keep stepping," or the Seniors will be outdoing us very soon.

Can't more of us plan to buy the "Ar-

guenot" from now on? The costs are constantly going up and we are told the magazine has accumulated a sufficiently large debt. It needs someone's backing and interest. Can we, by any chance, be the first class to have one hundred per cent subscription?

Of course all the Juniors have been looking into the matter of paying their class tax. If you let them get behind now (ask anyone who has had experience), it will be discouraging to see the figures at the end of the year.

JUNIOR CLASS JOKES

Miss O'Brien gave an oral report entitled, "How to Make Fudge." After she had finished she asked for corrections.

Nolan (who had been listening intently answered): "You forgot to put the vanilla in."

* * *

After the first bell had rung, the students in Miss Coughlin's Shorthand class

were all alert, and ready to run. Miss Coughlin asked, "Why the rush?" The pupils said, "Gym."

Miss Coughlin questioned: "Jim who?"

* * *

Miss Kenefick: "How do you pronounce D-u-c-h-y o-f G-u-i-e-n-e?"

Mr. Woodbury: "You don't pronounce it."

Sophomore Class Notes

SOPHOMORE CLASS MEETINGS

The first class meeting was held in rooms 202 and 203. It was voted that the Sophomore class have the same form of organization as the Junior and Senior classes. A nominating committee was appointed. An announcement was made that we would vote on the following Monday. The meeting was adjourned.

At the second meeting the returns of the election were read, as follows:

President, Kenneth Earle.

Girls' Treasurer, Jane Hartwell.

Boys' Treasurer, Philip Breen.

Secretary, Carlton Dyer.

Student Council, Theora Cottrell, Edmund Kelly, Patrick Costello, Joseph Quinn and Madeline Doherty.

The third meeting was held in the Gym. At this meeting Mr. Archibald reminded us of various things we had been

doing which we should not have done—such as running in the corridors and throwing papers around. The Sophomore Student Council was chosen as a committee to select the play which was given on December 23 at Assembly. The meeting was adjourned.

The fourth meeting was held on December fifth in the library. Miss Mackedon told the class the story of the play. On December sixth a tryout for the play was held.

A meeting was held on January 19 to discuss plans for the class party. An assessment of twenty-five cents per person was voted. It was decided to have a costume party.

At a meeting on January 30, Miss Gray and Miss Mackedon were each presented with a book in token of the appreciation of the class for their help with the class play and party.

THE SOPHOMORE PARTY

The Sophomore party this year was an entirely different kind of affair from any that has been given before. The pupils voted to have a costume party and nearly everyone came in costume which added greatly to the success of the party.

The affair was held on a Friday night in January in the High School gym. The first part of the evening was given over to entertainment. This included a piano solo by Miss Nash, a reading by Miss Score; and two fancy dances by Miss Cox. The boys' Glee Club also sang two selections. Much laughter was furnished when a "stunt" was put on by the pupils and when "The Two Black Crows,"

Moran and Mack, were very successfully characterized by Mr. Archibald and Mrs. Sawyer.

The "Masqueraders" then formed a grand march. Miss Howard received a prize for the funniest costume, while the prize for the best costume was given to Francis Young. There were three honorable mentions: Robert Metters, Miss Breen and Miss Gertha Johnson.

Ice cream was then served and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. Several of the teachers stayed over the week-end for this very special occasion, and I do not think they regretted doing so, for the party was a great success.

Alumni Notes

Well, I guess everyone weathered the past storm in safety. Anyway, no disasters have been reported to me.

What storm, you say? Why mid-year examinations, of course.

None of Norwood High's "material" has been returned with regrets from Tech, Bates, Colgate, Simmons, Colby, and so on. In fact, Wilbur Fay, '27, won a scholarship at Colgate. So did Barbara Roberts, '27, at Boston University, C. L. A.

Those old exams are an ancient story for Ruth Davis, '27. She has had another set by now. They get three sets a year at Simmons, you know.

Daniel O'Connell stood second in the Freshman class at B. C. The person who stood first was a five-year student, so he heads the list of students with four years preparation.

Ruth Gustafson received an average of "B" for her first term's work.

Edna Bateman, '27, is a B average student and has been elected secretary of her class at Bates.

Sam Steele, '27, is at Cornell. He is making a record that gives N. H. S. credit.

Jane Waldheim, '27, is working hard at Burnham Prep, preparing for the College Board Exams. She has a very high scholastic standing and has ranked at the top of the list in English.

"Eddie" Caine, '27, is working hard at Tech.

"Bud" Dower was in the first third of his class in marks at time of last rating.

"Dixie" and "Jimmy" Donovan are out for Freshman baseball team at B. C.

"Toby" Cavanaugh has reported for Saint Anselms Baseball Team.

"Bill" Hammersley will again seek his old position of left field which he has

held for the last two years on Yale Varsity nine.

Stanton Slavin, after finishing the basket ball season, will report for the baseball team at Dean Academy.

"Tom" Foley, captain of N. H. S. team last year, has just ended a very successful season with the Lawrence Academy Team of which he was captain.

Ernest Molloy is one of the promising pitchers on Harvard Varsity squad.

Luther Howes was a member of Springfield Freshman hockey team and has reported for Freshman baseball.

R. Morris is at Bowdoin after working for two years. John Slattery is at Bates after working for one year. We wish them luck.

We are glad to know that Walter Lappin, '26, who remained out of school last year to earn money for his education, has started in this year at M. I. T. We admire his pluck and wish him the luck he deserves.

Mary Johnston and Ethel Balmer returned this year to Boston University.

Helen Owens, '27, is here as a Post Graduate.

Harold Lailey goes to Burdett Night School, plays in "Ray" Rafuse's Orchestra and works days at Norwood Central Station. He must be rather busy.

Elizabeth Moloney, '25, Framingham, '29, is practicing teaching in the Walpole High School. She visited N. H. S. recently and inspected our lunch service, kitchens, etc.

Agnes Graney, '26, is training at the Faulkner Hospital.

Julia Connolly, '25, is teaching for the rest of the year at the Balch School.

The Alumnae are glad to hear that Jane Sullivan is recovering after a severe illness.

Dorothy Williams, '25, is substituting for Miss Hadly at the Balch School.

Louise Nugent is teaching grades 1-7 in Shaftsbury, Vt.

Helen Corcoran, '25, is teaching in Adams, Mass.

Cortna Millet, '22, is in the merchandising department at Conrad's, Boston.

"Gertie" Wragg, '22, is working at Chandler's in the Misses Department.

Marion Bagley is teaching math' for the third year at Medfield High.

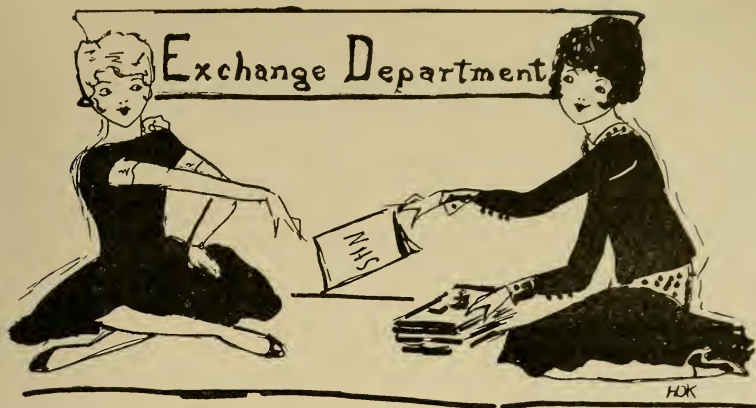
Irene Readell, '23, is planning to be married on Easter Monday.

News has been received of the birth of a son to Irene Tinkham Brown, '27.

Margaret Hession Hennessey, '26, is rejoicing over the birth of a baby girl.

April vacations will soon be here for all except our working girls like Eleanor Whitecher and Helen Olsen. Cheer up they will probably get summer vacations.





Comments on Exchanges

"The Sea Chest," Nantucket Island, Mass.—We enjoyed reading the poetry in your magazine. The editorials were well written. "Taza, the Immortal," held our interest throughout.

"The Harpoon," Dartmouth, Mass.—Your department headings are quite original. "Dramatic Notes" is a new and interesting section, and one that is found in few school publications.

"The Oracle," Manchester, New Hampshire—Your Literary Department is exceptionally good. "Knocks" is one

of the best joke sections that we have read this year.

"The Semaphore," Stoughton, Mass.—Your athletic department is very complete. We think that you should increase your Literary Department. Your "School News" and "Class Notes" are well written.

"The Sachem," Middleboro, Mass.—Congratulations on your department headings! "Jolly Jestings" is correctly named. Your magazine is well balanced.

Comments on the "Arguenot"

You have one of the best Literary Departments we have seen, an exceptionally fine magazine.—"The Beacon," Gloucester, Mass.

Your Foreign Language Department is very interesting. We noticed that you gave no lineup after the write-ups of your football games.—"The Oracle," Manchester, N. H.

We like the arrangement of your maga-

zine, except for the placing of the advertisements at the beginning. Your poems are truly inspirational.—"Dorchester H. S. Item."

The Exchange Department in "The Critic," Lynchburg, Va., was entitled, "Joustings." This is what they said about the "Arguenot":

Next there comes a knight of Norwood High School with plume of purest white

and shield of vivid red. After paying homage to Sir Critic he hands him a magazine which bears the fanciful name of "Arguenot." Sir Critic reads it carefully.

"Sir," remarks the old knight, your magazine shows careful work of clever minds. "The Dialogue" is indeed a clever idea. "The Elusive Will" is very interesting. The poems of your maga-

zine, I think, are quite lovely. "Night's Magic Spell" is of exceptional value. Oh! how enterprising you are! A foreign language department! Sir Norwood, are the boys and girls of your school interested enough to translate these pages? And one more thing, O! noble Knight! Would it not be better to put the advertisements in the back of your magazine?



Tel. { Office, Norwood 146
 { Residence, 266-W

Office: 46 Broadway
Residence: Howard St.

MILTON H. HOWARD

ARCHITECT AND BUILDER

Norwood - - - - - Massachusetts

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION IN THE EVENING

COEDUCATIONAL

An effective university education is available in the evening for high school graduates who cannot enter day colleges for financial or other reasons but must go to work following graduation:

In Business—School of Commerce and Finance

Grants B.B.A. and M.B.A. degrees.
Specializes in accounting, marketing and management.
Only 24.9% of graduates held executive positions on entering school; 71.9% now in major executive positions.
Graduates outstandingly successful in C.P.A. examinations.
Faculty of experienced and well trained business men.
Actual business problems the basis of instruction.

In Law—School of Law

Four-year course.
LL.B. degree.
Prepares for bar examinations and practice.
Case method of instruction similar to that in best day law schools.
A School of high standards adapted to the needs of employed men and women.
Alumni outstandingly successful as lawyers, judges, business executives.
Exceptional faculty of experienced lawyers who are graduates of leading day law schools.

Graduates of Norwood High School admitted without examination

For catalog or further information write

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

EVENING DIVISION

312 HUNTINGTON AVENUE BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Telephone Back Bay 4400

MARSTON'S EXPRESS

Norwood, Walpole, East Walpole and Boston

Telephone Norwood 1101

3 VERNON STREET - - - NORWOOD

CHARLES A. WRAGG & CO.

683 WASHINGTON ST., NORWOOD

FOR GIRLS--Dorothy Dodd Energettick.

SEE OUR \$5 SPORT SHOES

FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN

Brockton Co-op. -- Walk Over -- Beacon

FLOOD'S GARAGE

AUTOMOBILE REPAIRING

Dodge Brothers Approved Service Station

WRECKING SERVICE

Telephone: Ded. 1098

169 Washington Street

Islington, Mass.

IT is the aim of the Fountain at the Rexall Store
to serve you in a manner
that will exceed your expectation

FREDERIC P. BROOKS

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Compliments of
NORWOOD FURNITURE CO.

H. W. PETERS CO.
BOSTON'S LARGEST MANUFACTURING JEWELERS

5178 Washington St., Boston



CLASS RINGS CLUB PINS MEDALS AND CHARMS

Compliments of
Dairy Lunch

Compliments of the

Edna Mae Beaver

GIFT AND TEA ROOM

FRANK W. FAY

DEALER IN

**Hardware, Paints, Oils
Glass and Auto
Accessories**

Telephone 0936 Nor.

Washington St.

Norwood

Sanitary Barber Shop

E. J. KELLEY

A. J. KELLEY, Assistant

We Specialize in Latest Styles in
Ladies' and Men's Hair Cutting

Room 2

Folan Block

Compliments of

Dr. T. J. Curtin

Compliments of

Mrs. E. Perlmutter

SHOES AND GENT'S
FURNISHINGS

LEWIS' SPA

The Friendly Store with the Friendly
Sign

"Let's Be Friends"

526 Washington Street

Norwood

WINSLOW GARAGE

MICHELIN TIRES AUTO SUPPLIES

Official Brake Testing Station

EXPERT AUTO REPAIRING

1014 Washington St.

Norwood

Telephone 0976

Compliments of

I. T. Snow

"Put Your Feet in Regan's Hands"

Arch Preserver Shoes for Men and Women

AAA To E Widths

J. W. REGAN

REGAN'S SHOE CORNER, Norwood, Mass.

*--Lamps,
Tables,
Chairs*

STUDY IN
COMFORT



Bigelow Furniture Co.

Directly Opposite The Bank - Norwood

Compliments of

Fenton's Garage



TOWN SQUARE CHEVROLET COMPANY

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

School Supplies

Waterman and Clifton
FOUNTAIN PENS

\$2.75 to \$7.00

NOTE BOOK RINGS

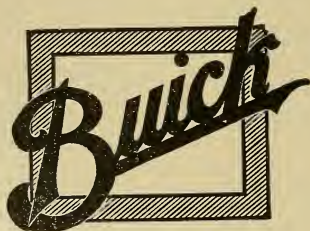
Looseleaf Note Book and
Writing Tablets
Eaton, Crane and Pike
STATIONERY

We are Headquarters for Brownie Cameras and Kodaks
DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

Garner's Pharmacy

639 Washington St.

Tel. NORwood 0038



Norwood Buick Company

TELEPHONE 0181

If You Appreciate

✿ Quality in Flowers ✿

CALL

PETER FISHER & SON

Norwood 109

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

NORWOOD AUTO STATION, Inc.

Dealers

CADILLAC—LA SALLE—NASH—REO—WOLVERINE
AND REO SPEED-WAGON

666 Washington Street

Tel. 0011-0013

Compliments of

Winslow Bros. & Smith Co.

NORWOOD, MASSACHUSETTS

PARKER HARDWARE CO.

The natural place in Norwood to buy Hardware

HONEST GOODS HONEST SERVICE HONEST PRICES

Try us and be convinced

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Compliments of
SWIFT'S LAUNDRY

Norwood, Mass.

Telephones:

Residence 986-R

--

Laundry 986-W

H. E. Rice & Co.

Invite You to Come to Our New Store

A Store

Full of Desirable Merchandise

Quality--Service--Price to Suit You

H. E. RICE & CO., Department Store

**A store full of new
things to wear for all**

ORENT BROTHERS

ODD FELLOWS BUILDING

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

THE JUST RIGHT TAILORING COMPANY

HIGH GRADE LADIES' AND MEN'S CUSTOM TAILORS

CLEANING, PRESSING, DYEING, REPAIRING

AT REASONABLE PRICES

WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

CHARLES KRAVETZ, Prop.

∴

∴

Tel. Nor. 0420

TALBOT BLDG., NORWOOD, MASS.

MEAGHER STORES

*Women's and Children's
Specialty Store*

Onyx Pointex Hosiery Gotham Gold Stripe Hosiery

Kayser Slipper Heel Hosiery

Humming Bird Hosiery Gordon Hosiery

Forest Mills Underwear

Polly's Beauty Parlor

"For the Woman Who Cares"

681 Washington Street

Norwood, Mass.

Telephone Norwood 1510-W

Polly Candage

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Compliments of
The Norwood Theatre

REAL ESTATE

MORTGAGES

CARROLL H. WOODS

N. H. S., '08

Insurance of All Kinds

New Post Office Building

NORWOOD

PATSY RIZZO

MODERN - SHOE - REPAIRING

HATS CLEANED

Talbot Building

Norwood, Mass.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

WE ARE TAKING ORDERS FOR THE

NEW *Ford* CARS
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

GEORGE M. LEPPER, Inc.

AUTHORIZED FORD DEALER

NORWOOD, MASSACHUSETTS

Telephone 0440

Compliments of

The Norwood Dairy

L. F. BATEMAN, Prop.

WHEN DREAMS
COME TRUE



T. F. RILEY

PLUMBING
and
HEATING

102 Central St.

∴

Norwood, Mass.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

De Roma Brothers

Electrical Contractors

Dealers in Quality Electrical
and Radio Merchandise

652 Washington Street

Telephone 868 Norwood, Mass.

Hartshorn's Market

Fresh Killed Poultry

615 Washington Street

Norwood

Telephone 0118

CAREFUL AND CONSCIENTIOUS
DRIVERS

WEDDINGS, FUNERALS
AND PRIVATE PARTIES

Mulvehill Limousine and
Taxi Service

THOMAS B. MULVEHILL, Prop.

TELEPHONES: COTTAGE ST.
EXTENSION

Office: Norwood 0830 Rear Folan Block

House: Norwood 0437-W

Compliments of

GRANT'S MARKET

Auto Renting and Taxi Service

William C. Donovan

Reo	New
20 Pass.	Cadillac Suburban
Motorcoach	Weddings
Parties	Funerals

Compliments of

Independent Furniture Company

524 Wash. St. Norwood, Mass.

Tel. 1143

Compliments of

RORKE HARDWARE CO.

Norwood

Telephone 1325

W. Hudson Slee

REAL ESTATE

AND

AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

3 Vernon Street

Nor. 0728

R. G. Pendergast

C. J. Pendergast

E. B. PENDERGAST CO.

ESTABLISHED 1892

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

Phone 0190

72 Railroad Avenue

Telephone Norwood 179

530 Washington St.

Norwood Gas Company

"Always at Your Service"

Gas Appliances of All Kinds

Reasons for Using Gas

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Convenience | 4. Cooks rapidly |
| 2. Cleanliness | 5. Cooks thoroughly |
| 3. Dependability | 6. Economical |

Do you ever stop to consider that every hour of the day or night we are ready to serve you?

Simply turn the gas valve and gas is at your service.

Compliments of

DR. L. J. DANOVITCH

Post Office Building

NORWOOD, MASS.

WALTER SMITH & SONS, Inc.

MASON CONTRACTORS

DEALERS IN MASONS' SUPPLIES

BROADWAY, FOOT OF DAY STREET



Bananas a Specialty

ALSO

Confectioneries

MAINI BROS.

650 Washington Street

Norwood, Mass.

The New South Theatre

SOUTH NORWOOD

Regular shows every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday. Show
starts at 7.30

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

